



Eng. by J. Mc Guffin.

THE SAVOYARD.



The Kimono

GODEY'S FASHIONS



FOR AUGUST 1864.



THE FASHION
GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST 1864.



THE SAME OLD STORY.

HEART OF MINE.

SONG, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

By W. W. CALDWELL.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By JULES LENHART.

— — — — —

Andante. *8va.....*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the vocal line is indicated by '8va.....'. The score consists of three systems. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system introduces the vocal line with the lyrics 'Heart of mine, no long - er mourn, From thee'. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'cast this yoke a - side: Much al - read - y hast thou'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal melody.

Heart of mine, no long - er mourn, From thee

cast this yoke a - side: Much al - read - y hast thou

HEART OF MINE.

borne, Ev - en this thou canst a - bide, Much al-

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Heart of Mine'. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by the lyrics 'borne, Ev - en this thou canst a - bide, Much al-'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

read - y hast thou borne, Ev - en this thou canst a -

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with 'read - y hast thou borne, Ev - en this thou canst a -'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some harmonic shifts in the left hand.

bide. Heart of mine, no long - er mourn, Heart of

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes the phrase with 'bide. Heart of mine, no long - er mourn, Heart of'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing a steady bass.

mine, no long - er mourn.

The fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line ends with 'mine, no long - er mourn.' The piano accompaniment features a more complex, flowing melody in the right hand, while the left hand continues with a steady bass line.

2.

On, in shining armor, go,
O my spirit, and be free;
Naught avails it sighing so,
Like a lover piningly,
Heart of mine, etc.

Though thy breast with anguish bleeds,
Onward press without delay;
Sings the swan among the reeds,
Sweetest, when life ebbs away.
Heart of mine, etc.

MORNING ROBE.



Made of white cambrie, with a tablier front, which is entirely covered with fluted ruffles. One ruffle edges the tablier on each side and three fluted ruffles edge the skirt. The jacket is made quite loose, with the fronts rounded, and is trimmed with ruffles to match the skirt. The hair is arranged in puffs in front, and in the Grecian style at the back.

DRESS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.



The petticoat is of buff alpaca, trimmed on the edge of the skirt with a ruffle, bound with black velvet. Above this are two bands of black silk, with narrow bars of black velvet between. The dress skirt is of the ordinary length, of the same material as the petticoat, and trimmed in the same style. It is looped up at intervals by straps of black silk, which are sewed on the petticoat. The jacket is in the style of the *Garde-Française*. It is faced with black silk, and trimmed with straps of black velvet. Postilion hat of black straw, trimmed with a velvet feather.

EMBROIDREY.



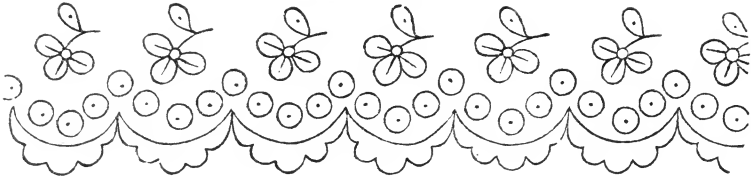
THE MADELEINE JACKET.

(Front view.)



This stylish jacket may be made of the same material as the dress, or of silk, or *piqué*.

EMBROIDERY.



THE MADELEINE JACKET.

(Back view.)



THE CALPE.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



This commences our series for the fall months, and it is made in silk or light cloth, as the season requires. The piquancy and convenience of the style renders its fashion one that is widely popular. The passamenteries vary greatly, so that the tastes and pecuniary considerations of all may be accommodated. The above was drawn from a rich Manganese brown summer cloth, adorned with an exceedingly neat gimp and pendent button ornaments.

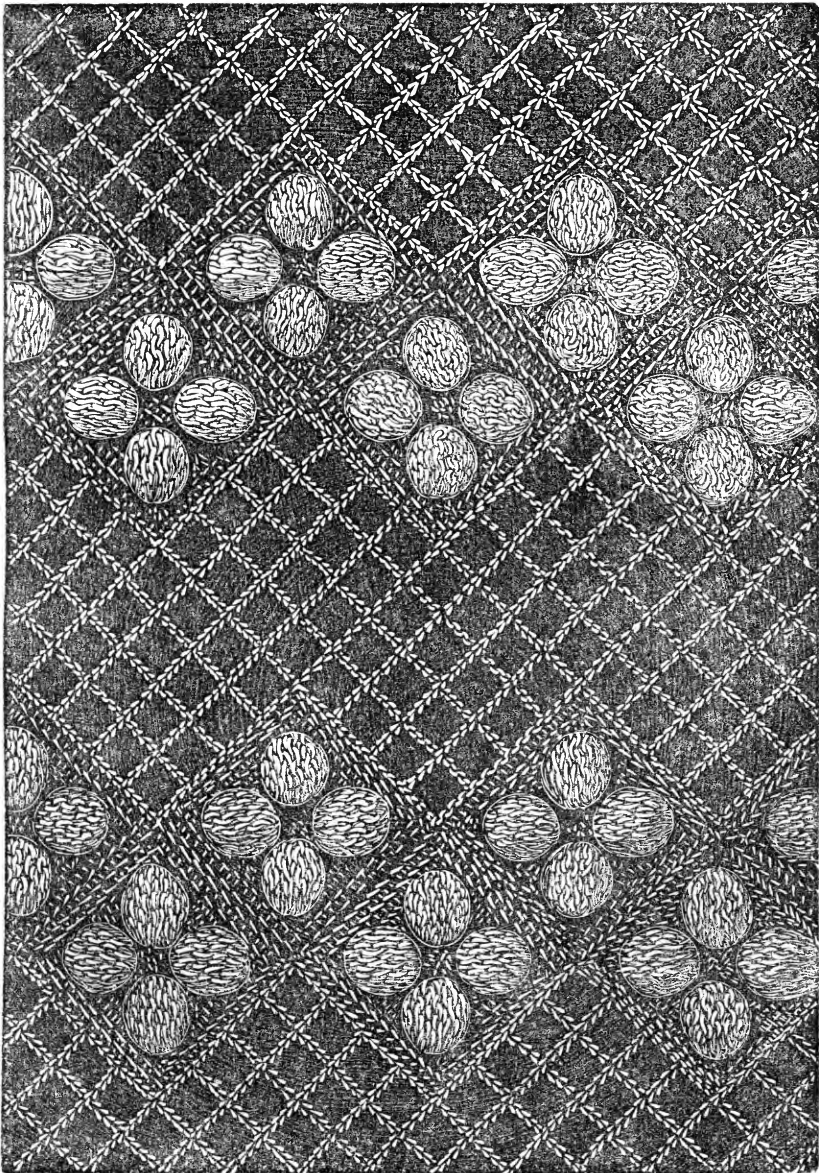
For the present "heated term" of course the various shapes and styles of laces are the *mode*. The great mass, however, of our friends having already made up their summer toilets, are looking for the approaching autumn fashions. We, therefore, prefer giving the above.

NAME FOR MARKING.



PATTERN FOR A TIDY OR COUNTERPANE.

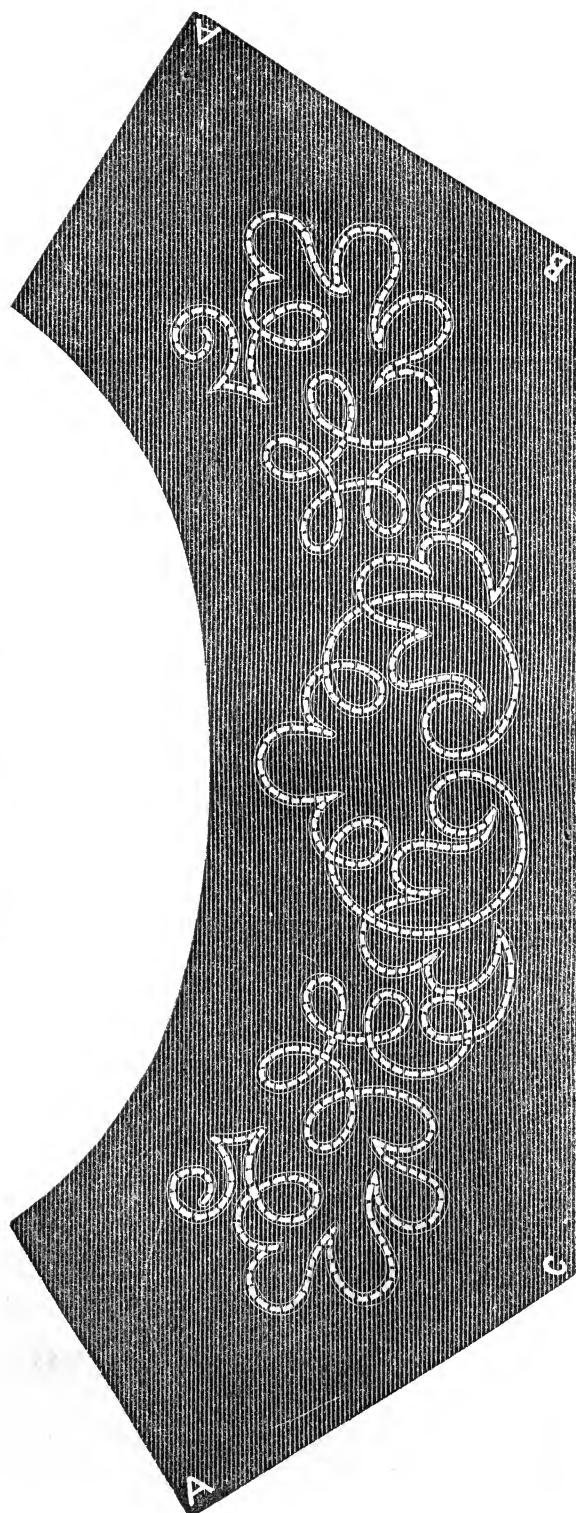
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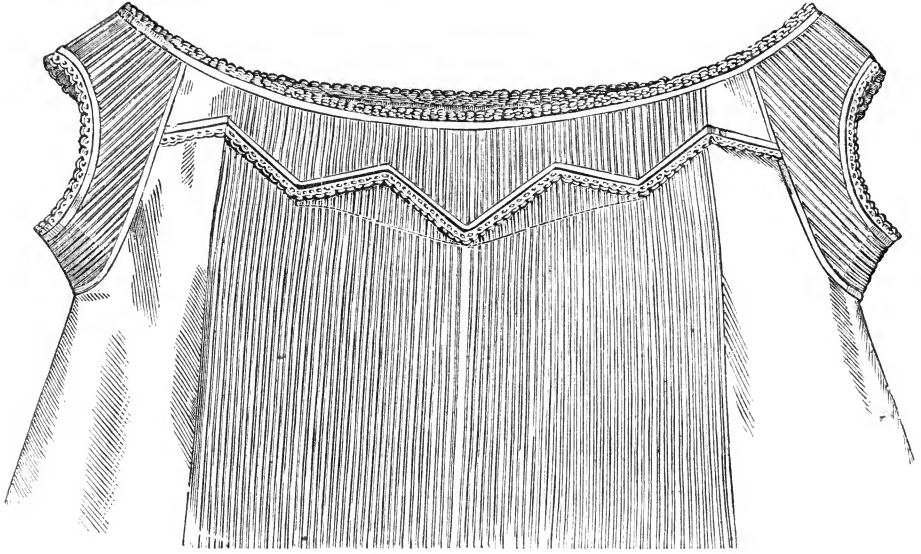
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



CHILD'S BRAIDED SHOE.



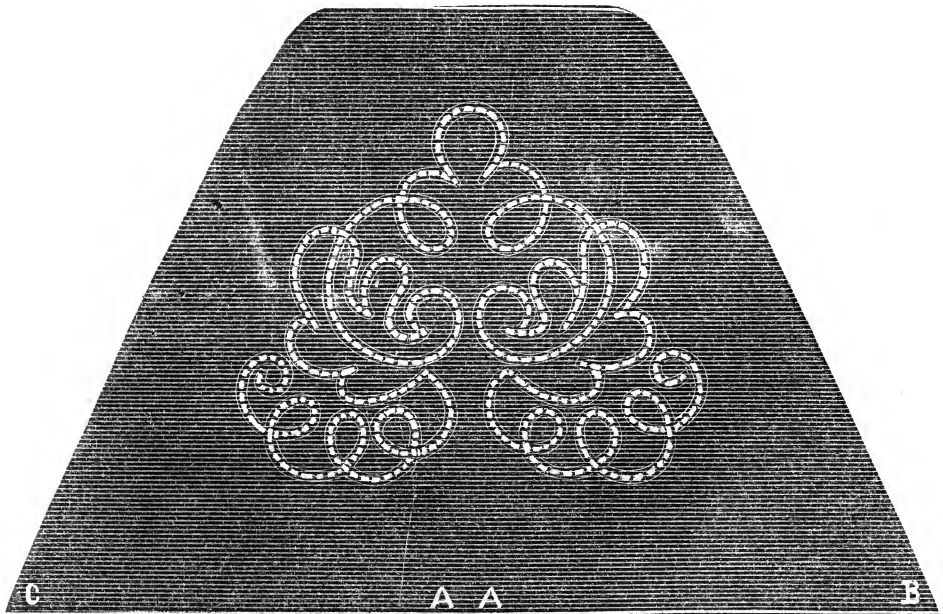
FANCY CHEMISE.



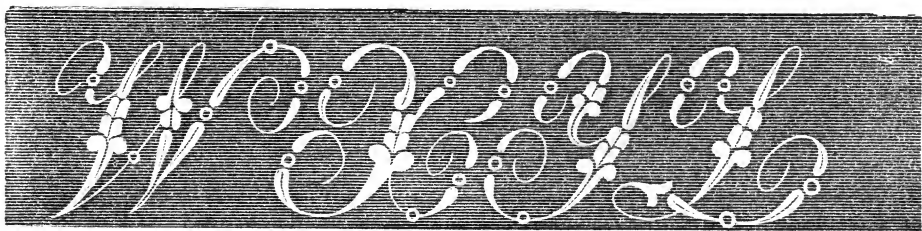
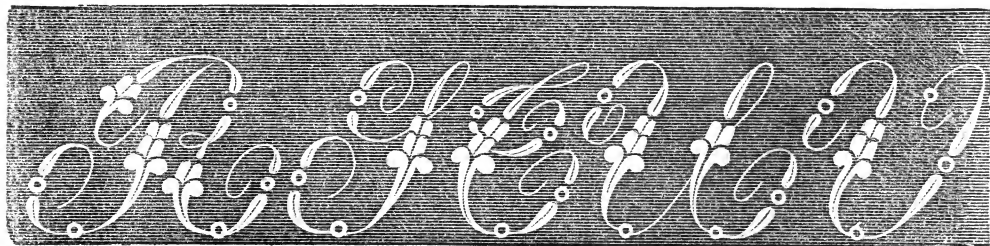
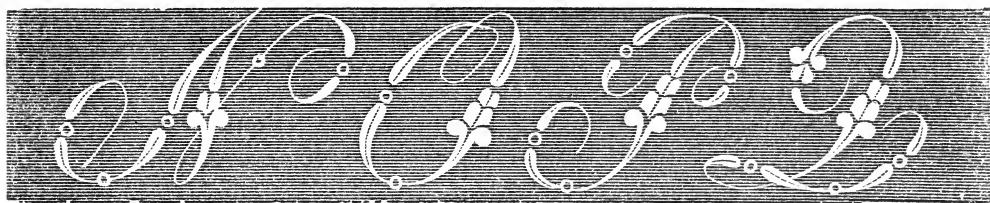
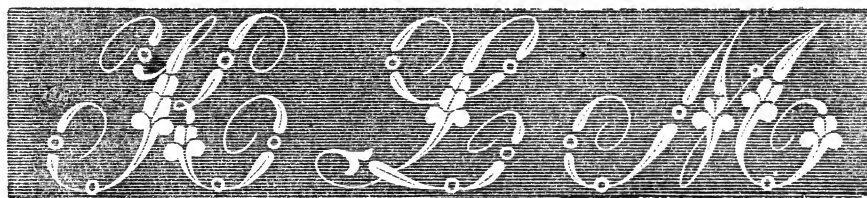
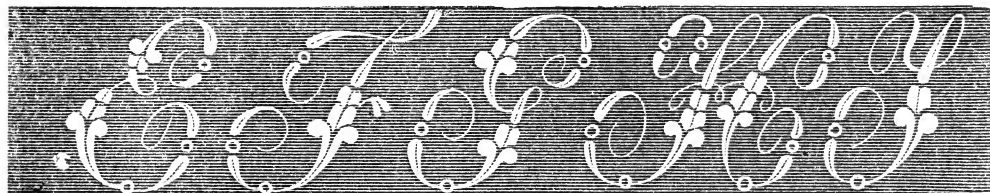
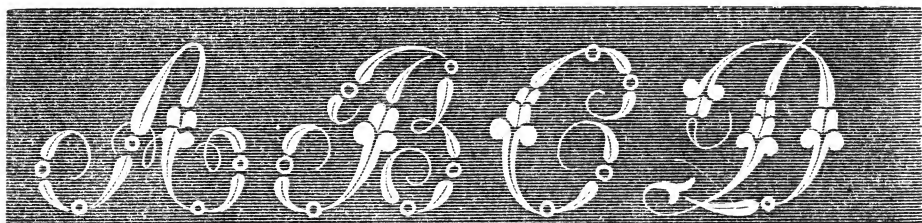
The entire front and sleeves are finely tucked. It is also trimmed with a rich worked edging.

CHILD'S BRAIDED SHOE.

(See opposite page.)



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1864.

"TAKING BOARDERS FOR COMPANY."

A STORY OF THE "HEATED TERM," AND CONTAINING MORE TRUTH THAN ROMANCE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT furiously hot weather!" puffed Mr. Bell, throwing open, yet more widely, his summer sack—said garment being after the fashion aptly named "skeleton"—material white grasscloth, pure and sheer as muslin. "I never felt anything to exceed it!"

"It is terrible!" panted Mrs. Bell, vigorously plying a palm-leaf fan. "And so debilitating! I have not strength to move!"

"Insufferable! One really lacks the courage, if not the energy, to look at the thermometer to ascertain the real extent of our misery!" sighed Miss Georgianna Rose, Mrs. Bell's sister.

An impartial looker-on might have decided that the trio, thus unanimously condemnatory of the sunny June afternoon, were ungrateful for, and therefore undeserving of the surroundings, that, for them, in some measure, alleviated the fervid heat, what the ruddy farmers were then praising as being "splendid growing weather." Mr. Bell had just dispatched a well-cooked dinner, served up neatly and promptly to meet the call of the appetite he brought up town with him from the hotter, because more compactly built precincts wherein his store was situated. The fowls were tender and juicy; the vegetables the best of their various kinds; sauces, rare and piquant, were at hand; fruits and ice-cream had composed the dessert, instead of steaming puddings, and oily, bile-engendering pastry. A

glass of fine old wine, iced, of course, put the finishing touch to his feast, and his satisfaction in the same. The Bells had the reputation of being good liver, and were conscious that they deserved it. The husband was bountiful, the wife, tasteful and judicious. A capital table was the inevitable result of this combination.

Attired as we have described him, Mr. Bell leaned back in his own garden-chair—he had tried a dozen before he found one that suited him "to a T"—his feet upon a camp-stool worked by his pet sister-in-law; a prime Havana between his lips, and gazing across intervening housetops and patches of green, marking the treasured plots of turf and occasional trees, denominated by deluded citizens "gardens," he sniffed the faint, briny air stealing up from the bay, flashing in the distance, and anathematized the weather. His station was upon a piazza shaded with vines; pots of mignonette, wall-flowers, heliotropes, and geraniums were ranged around the balustrade and filled the atmosphere with perfume. Yet he found the city "intolerable" in summer! Within the door of the sitting-room—cool, lofty, and cheerful, without being glaringly bright—were two light, cane-seated sewing chairs, occupied by the ladies—his fellow-sufferers. Mrs. Bell's was a pleasant face, indicative alike of intelligence and amiability. She was not more than thirty years of age, the mother of three fine children, good-

tempered, and healthy like herself; and made an excellent and fond help-meet to a husband who deserved and valued her, being a man of affectionate disposition, sound sense, and comfortably worldly means. Georgianna Rose—"Georgie," to her friends; "Georgie, dear," to her sister and brother-in-law; "Auntie," to the little Bells—was a pretty, blooming girl of twenty, whose clear, blue organdie set off to the best advantage her clear complexion and pale-brown hair.

"And that reminds me"—resumed Mr. Bell, after a few pulls more at his choice weed; speaking with much apparent indifference—"I had a letter from Roaring River, to-day."

"Ah!" exclaimed the ladies, breathlessly. "What do they say?"

Whether the subject really interested him or no, it was evidently one of the highest importance to them.

"I will read the letter to you, that is, if I have it with me. I think that I put it into my pocket after glancing it over. But when one has an extensive business correspondence, minor matters are liable to be overlooked. I thought that you would want to learn its contents," answered the master of the house, with the characteristic equanimity of his sex, when they witness any lively display of feminine curiosity.

The hypocrite knew perfectly well the precise pocket and the precise corner of that pocket in which he had bestowed the document in question. Instead of merely "glancing it over," and then tossing it by to return in thought to the major topic of "business," he had given it a careful perusal at the store, and a second reading in the omnibus on his way up town. The subject of the communication had not really left his mind for five minutes at a time since his arrival at home; yet with the knowledge of all this within his brain, he felt a touch of compassionate amusement at the spectacle of the sudden animation his carelessly-uttered speech had begotten in the ladies. Without pretending to analyze the motives that prompted him to adopt this line of conduct, I venture to affirm, in passing, upon the authority of one who has made mankind something of a study, that any other gentleman with whom I have the honor of being acquainted, would have pursued the same apparently meaningless policy in a similar case. As Miss Mitford's lisping baby-

heroine, Dolly, summed up her experience of the class—"Manth ith all alike!"

I am not affecting to deny or excuse the fact that women do, occasionally, in circumstances of great provocation to the emotion, feel a thrill of curiosity, and that some of the weaker vessels do, say once in a lifetime, betray this in an unbecoming manner; but I dare to state that many of us could be as coolly incurious, and as dignifiedly chary of inquiry as are our lords, if we had their opportunities of gaining information with regard to passing events. One who has pressed up to the bulletin-board and possessed himself of every article inscribed thereupon, can afford to withdraw—satisfied leech that he is—from the eager crowd and smile, in genuine enjoyment of the fun, at the figure cut by the unhappy ignoramus upon the outside ring of the throng, who by diligent pushing, frantic leapings, and abject crouchings and peepings, can only make out the capital letters, and the string of exclamation points like a shower of sky-rockets, which may mean either crowning triumph or irreparable disaster.

This digression has given Mr. Bell time to empty and explore three pockets, and examine at least two score envelopes; Mrs. Bell has arisen, *malgré* her extreme debility, to help overlook the pile accumulating upon his knee, saying, in genuine anxiety, "O, Ronald! I do hope you have not left it at the store!"

"Wouldn't that be perfectly unbearable!" exclaimed Georgie.

"Here it is!" the tantalizing husband thought proper to remark at length, drawing forth a small envelope.

Even then he knocked the ashes from his cigar, dexterously upset the camp-stool, and stopped to readjust his feet upon it, before he unfolded the sheet, which was gilt-edged, and scented with Lubin's Extract of "New-mown hay," or "Verbena," or "Pond-lily," or some other unidentifiable odor.

"From which of the sisters is it?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"It is signed 'Jemima Ketchum!'" was the answer.

"Horrors, what a name!" ejaculated the wife.

"She writes a good hand," Mr. Bell remarked. "I should judge her to be a person of considerable culture. Dr. Moleye told us, you recollect, that the ladies were educated and refined, and fine conversationalists."

"Dear Ronald! won't you read the letter? We are dying with impatience!" pleaded Georgie.

Her brother smiled indulgently, and vouchsafed to end her suspense.

"ROARING RIVER, June 10, 1860.

"MR. R. M. BELL, DEAR SIR: Your polite favor of the 1st inst. was received four days ago; but we (my two sisters and myself) deemed it best to weigh your proposition seriously (as its importance merited), and not to respond to your inquiries until we could give a definite (and, if possible, a satisfactory) reply. Otherwise, we might excite expectations which, after mature deliberation, we might find it impracticable or inadvisable to gratify. While we are (of course) pleased with the favorable report of our mountain retreat given by our esteemed friend, Dr. Moleye, we are not surprised that he remembers, with feelings of lively delight, his sojourn in this charming region. We did all in our power to render his stay pleasant (as we do with all our guests). We heartily reciprocate his expressions of good-will and agreeable souvenirs. Please remember us most cordially to him when you meet him. His is one of those rare spirits that once met are never forgotten."

"Mercy!" interrupted Georgie. "Who would have thought that prosy old Dr. Moleye would have produced such an impression? That is a queer business letter, Ron!"

"Don't be too quick to judge! We are coming to the business, now." And he proceeded:

"As he has informed you, my dear sir, we do not keep a boarding-house. Our revered and ever-to-be-lamented father (one of the most respected and substantial farmers in this community, and who represented our native county for several years in the legislature) left us, at his decease (which occurred ten years since), in the enjoyment of a modest competence that precluded all necessity of any exertion on our part to procure a genteel livelihood. We had not been brought up like most farmers' daughters, therefore had intellectual resources that effectually warded off ennui from our seclusion. But two years after the sad event that left us orphans, our eldest brother having been elected to Congress from this district (which office he filled with credit to himself and his family), and at the expiration of his Congressional term being appointed

to a foreign consulate (the principality of Smokenuff), and our younger brother leaving the paternal homestead for the great metropolis (namely, New York), we three sisters found the solitude of our lately merry home oppressive, and the more willingly acceded to the importunities of an old and valued friend, Rev. Dr. W. Choken, of Edenvale, that we would receive him and his lovely and accomplished wife, with their six interesting children, as members of our family during the summer months."

The reader paused.

"Georgie, dear! Please hand me that glass of ice-water."

"No wonder you are out of breath! Are you sure there is not a stop in all that long sentence?"

"Not one, except commas."

"We enjoyed their society so much that we allowed ourselves to be the more readily persuaded, the ensuing season, by other friends who proposed to become our guests. My sisters were growing up, and I felt the need of cultivated associations for them. Thus we fell into the habit of extending our family circle in the warm weather."

"On the principle that heat expands, I suppose!" said a new voice, and the reader became aware that *his* family circle had been enlarged by the quiet entrance of his next door neighbors—his married sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Earle.

"What bosh have you there, Ron?" queried the former of these two, continuing the tone of raillery that had arrested the reading.

"The long looked-for letter from Roaring River," explained Mrs. Bell.

"Humph!"

"Tom!" said his wife, reprovingly. "Don't mind him, Annie!"

"I do not!" was the smiling reply. "I know him too well to be seriously afflicted by his barking. He never bites. Now, sit down, both of you, and hear this somewhat diffuse epistle. It concerns you as well as ourselves."

"And having waded through such a slough of sentimental reminiscences, we must be nearing solid ground now, I think," said Georgie, who was not more remarkable for patience than are most other spoiled children. She was never cross, however, with all her sauciness, in which, it must be owned, she was encouraged by her lawful guardians.

Mr. Bell resumed:—

"Our airy and commodious suite of rooms is always in demand. Indeed, if pertinacious solicitations could win our consent to such a measure, our house would be crowded from basement to attic throughout the summer. But on this point (although generally over-indulgent) we are adamant. Our inviolable rule is, not to take more visitors than we can accommodate with perfect and entire comfort to themselves, and likewise to us. Our object (to sum up the whole matter in a few words) is not to make money; but to avail ourselves of the charming society of our guests, while affording them an opportunity of seeking health and recreation (and, through these, happiness), among our noble mountains, and upon our fine river. Three of our apartments are already engaged to friends from the city—very refined and cultivated people. We have, fortunately, four others vacant, which we have no doubt will meet your requirements. Two of these are spacious chambers—well-lighted and admirably ventilated—and each capable of containing two beds. These (according to our estimate) will suit yourself and brother-in-law, since your sister, Mrs. Earle, would like to have her children in the room with herself, or in a chamber immediately contiguous to hers. The third is smaller, and adjoins the apartment we have allotted to Mrs. Bell and yourself. This we design for Mrs. Bell's sister, the young lady of whom you wrote. We anticipate much pleasure in forming her acquaintance. We are all three naturally vivacious, and dearly enjoy the companionship of young persons.'"

"Highly honored, I am sure!" murmured Georgie, in affected humility.

"Your oldest daughter might lodge with her. Then, upon the floor above, is a snug bed-room for your servant-girls. Our fare is, we flatter ourselves, irreproachable. Poultry and eggs we have in abundance; we make the best and sweetest of bread and butter; raise our own lambs; cultivate our own vegetables, and have a well-stocked ice-house, while our river supplies us with all the fish we need. There are fine trouting streams two or three miles back of us; and in their proper season, woodcock and snipe abound in the swamps and along the watercourses near us. I mention these particulars as likely to interest gentlemen. We strive to cater to the tastes of all. But we pride ourselves principally upon our magnificent (I had almost

said, unsurpassable) mountain scenery, and the excellent roads conducting through it in all directions. Travellers of refined and ennobling tastes (such as we are assured are possessed by yourself, my dear sir, and your family connection) must ever experience genuine delight in traversing our elevated plateau, and ascending the grand range of cloud-capped summits encircling it.'"

"Whew!" whistled the impertinent brother-in-law.

His wife tapped him with her fan as an injunction to silence.

Mr. Bell laughed a little himself, and glanced down the street, as looking for something more practical.

"Don't skip a word, I entreat!" petitioned Mr. Earle. "It is a rich composition, refreshes one on a hot day, like a glass of soda water, all bubble, and fiz, and syrup! People of refined and ennobling tastes, such as we possess, can appreciate its beauties. That girl ought to offer herself as advertisement-writer for Hoofland's German Bitters, or Macallister's Ointment. She would make more money than by taking boarders."

"That is not her object in taking boarders!" remarked Georgie, demurely, the sparkle of fun in her eye abetting Mr. Earle in his criticism.

"Of course not! I wouldn't insult her by such an insinuation. But, if it is not an impertinent question, Ron, what *are* we expected to pay; or, as I'll wager my head she phrases it, what remuneration are we to be allowed to offer her for the unspeakable privilege of becoming members of her family, dwellers in her Happy Valley? My pocket-nerve quivers at the bare suggestion."

"It need not!" Mr. Bell named the terms in a tone of suppressed exultation.

They were, indeed, extremely moderate, as the other gentleman was compelled to admit.

"Too moderate!" he said, shaking his head. "There is a screw loose somewhere. The sum is a lame and impotent conclusion to that grand, eloquent epistle. I always distrust a bargain. Adjectives sell dear, generally."

"The price is low, I grant, for this latitude," replied Mr. Bell; but recollect that the cost of living in that section of country does not equal the expenses one incurs here, by one-half. The most pleasant summer we have ever had, since our marriage, was passed

in a quiet farm-house, where the board was a couple of dollars less per week than the sum charged by the Misses Ketchum."

"And the fare was delicious!" said Mrs. Bell. "Georgie! have you forgotten good Mrs. Worthley's light bread and golden butter? her gingerbread and apple-pies?"

"No, nor yet her broiled chicken, fresh eggs, and plentiful supply of milk. What a sweet, restful summer that was!" exclaimed the world-weary girl of twenty. "I *do* hope that we are going to have just such another!"

"If this Miss What's-her-name is as voluble with her tongue as with her pen, you will have anything but a restful time, I forewarn you," growled Mr. Earle.

"It will be our fault if she gets many opportunities of annoying us in this way," remarked Mrs. Bell, cheerfully, "since we expect to pass much of our time out of doors. Dr. Moleye says the rambles in the neighborhood are delightful. And the trouting, Tom, think of that!"

"And the woodcock!" artfully suggested Georgie.

"And the boating—which she says is the favorite pastime of visitors," said Mrs. Earle, who had taken the letter from her brother, and finished its perusal in silence.

"Avaunt, all of you! Tempters of the flesh and mind!" called out Tom. "How dare you basely attempt to pervert a man's judgment in this style?"

"Come, now, my dear fellow, let us be serious, examine the matter calmly and without prejudice!" began Mr. Bell, in a tone of mild argument. "We want a quiet summer retreat, where the ladies and the babies can have wholesome fare and outdoor exercise in the mountain air; where you and I can row, swim, fish, and shoot to our heart's content; a place where, free from the shackles of fashion and fashionable gayeties, we can really and truly have a holiday, a good, free and easy time, that will send us back to work in the autumn, invigorated in body, thought, and heart. This house is recommended to me by a physician, one who has made personal test of its capabilities to suit our needs. I made further inquiries, and the result is entirely satisfactory, with the unimportant exceptions that Miss Jemima, the spokeswoman of the three sisters, writes a needlessly long letter, in rather a highfaluting strain, and that she charges a low price for board. Candidly,

does it not seem absurd to attach any weight to objections like these?"

"Argued like a lawyer, Ronald! I have but one bit of blunt, practical wisdom to oppose to all this fair show of reason, and you may have it gratis. It is just this: Human nature is pretty much the same, the world over, and it is human nature to get, if possible, a fair compensation for whatever one has that is marketable. Viewed in this light, Miss Jemima's offer of all the comforts of a home; the edifying society of herself and sisters; her magnificent mountains, super-excellent roads; trout, woodcock, and boats, for the moderate sum she names, and the consideration of our companionship, is either a piece of egregious simplicity, or there will be found, upon experiment, a grievous deficiency somewhere. Now, the woman who wrote that letter does not underestimate herself nor her abode. The probability—to my mind, the certainty—is that she has gone to the other extreme, and drawn more largely upon her imagination than upon her sight in sketching her picture. I distrust these mongrel establishments that are neither private houses nor hotels. They are generally miserable humbugs—traps for the unwary, who find, when it is too late, that they have sacrificed the ease and quiet of their homes without gaining the independence of a public house. As to taking boarders for company—just for the pleasure of the thing—that is all bosh!" And having reached the climax of his protest in this, his pet substantive, Mr. Earle helped himself to a cigar from a case on the table; asked his brother-in-law for a light, and settled down comfortably in a straw chair, the fellow to that occupied by Mr. Bell. There was an uneasy pause, ended by Mrs. Earle.

"What a croaker you are, Tom. You leave out of sight the fact that we need not stay longer than we like, should we become dissatisfied. We have always the privilege of leaving."

"That is more easily said than done, after we have engaged the rooms for the season, lost the chance of getting in elsewhere, and transported all our baggage a hundred miles or so from home, part of the way by private conveyance."

He held the letter by this time, and read aloud the postscript:—

"The last twelve miles you will perform by stage, and since the road is steep and rocky,

you will require a more substantial conveyance for your baggage. It is our custom to send our own team of oxen and heavy wagon to the depot for this purpose, if notified of the precise day of our visitors' arrival. We shall be most happy to do this in your case.'"

"Why in thunder does the woman persist in calling us 'guests' and 'visitors' and the like twaddle?" broke out the malcontent. "A man who hires a room of her, and pays her for his breakfast, dinner, and supper, is a boarder, and nothing else!"

No one took offence at this plainness of speech, nor were the Bells shaken in their purpose of rusticating at Roaring River. As Mrs. Bell had said, they were well acquainted with their friend's eccentricities, and knew how little depth there was to his apparent bitterness of criticism. They laughed the matter off pleasantly, now, therefore, and, during his stay, talked of other things.

"We may safely leave him to Kate," observed Georgie, wisely, when their visitors had gone. "She lets him talk as long and as loudly as he likes; but it always ends in his giving her her own way. She wants to go with us, and, however he may bluster, he will not cross her inclination."

"You understand these matters pretty well, I see, for one who has had no personal experience in that line," returned her brother.

She raised herself on tip-toe to pinch his ear.

"So well, Mr. Saucebox, that I tell you now, inasmuch as your wife and sisters have made up their minds on this subject, you may as well write at once, and engage Miss Jemima's rooms. I have a presentiment that we are to have great times, this summer. Perhaps I may meet my fate; who knows?"

CHAPTER II.

THAT Georgie had prophesied shrewdly as to what would be the family orders in council, was proved by a scene that transpired three weeks after the reception of Miss Jemima's letter.

It was late in the afternoon of a showery July day. A muddy stage, built after the model of the Jersey wagon, containing four narrow, straight-backed benches, toiled creakingly up a rough mountain road. Seated within were Mrs. Bell, two children and

nurse; Mrs. Earle, with a dependent retinue of like numbers and character, and Georgie Rose. Messrs. Earle and Bell were on the outer seat with the driver, and between his father's knees stood Master Harry Bell, the eldest hope of his parents, a manly little fellow of nine years; but whose present aspect was rather disconsolate. Save Mr. Earle, none of the party wore a very cheerful air. The ladies were tired, heated, and damp, besides being uneasy as to the effect of the humid atmosphere upon the children, who fretted and dozed alternately. Mrs. Earle's babe—a delicate boy, just in the midst of the cruel maladies incident upon its second summer—was especially troublesome.

"Poor little lamb!" said the kind-hearted nurse, trying to hush the piteous wail with which he started from a fitful slumber in her arms. "And is it much further we have to go, ma'am?"

"I hope not, indeed, Norah!" replied her mistress, "for he is very weary and hungry. Are we nearly there, Ronald?" she called to her brother.

"We have but one mile more to travel," was the welcome response; "and the driver here tells me that there is a pretty view of the house to be had from the top of the hill; so look out!"

There was a general brightening up of sober faces and straightening of bent forms; all eyes were on the alert to catch the first glimpse of the desired haven. But disappointment awaited them instead, upon the summit of what they had trusted was to be to them one of the Delectable Mountains. What had appeared to be but a dense mist from a distance, changed, as they entered its gray folds, into a soaking shower. So sudden and violent was its patter upon the roof of the vehicle, that the inmates had not time to lower the curtains, although these were but imperfectly fastened up, having been already unrolled three times during the ride of twelve miles, to avoid similar deluges. The air had remained so sultry, in spite of the rain, that so soon as the showers had abated, the unanimous cry had been—"Raise the curtains! We are suffocating!"

Now, the children were hastily huddled together in the centre of the startled group, and sheltered by the nurse's skirts and shawls, while the ladies shrank from the spray that beat in upon them through the open sides of

the stage. Harry Bell disappeared under the leathern apron which the driver drew up as high as it would stretch, to protect himself and his companions on the front seat.

"All the more merit in being jolly, Kate!" Mr. Earle quoted, turning his face, bathed and streaming with rain, towards his wife, she having uttered a cry of dismay. "I begin to believe that I am destined to be the Mark Tapley in this company of emigrants. As Georgie would say, 'I have a presentiment' that I shall have occasion to 'come out strong' before our Roaring River experiences are concluded."

"I can bear any amount of inconvenience for myself," rejoined Mrs. Earle, anxiously. "But the water is dripping through the roof, and if the children should get wet, you know that we cannot procure dry clothes for them, to-night. It is very strange that the team was not sent down for the baggage, as was promised."

"Never mind!" Mr. Bell said, in consolation. "Thanks to your thoughtfulness, in anticipating some such *contre-temps*, their night-dresses are all in the hand-trunk, and that is dry, I am sure; I put it under the back seat myself. We will ask permission to take the forlorn little beings to the kitchen fire. Then, dry wrappers, a cup of hot tea, and a good night's rest will set them all right. Hold hard, all of you! there's a bad piece of road ahead!"

He did not slander the portion of the route they were now called upon to traverse. For half a mile rocks a foot high, and ruts two feet deep, with frequent slants to the right, then to the left, until those inside the wagon shrieked in mortal terror of upsetting and bone-breaking, kept every muscle on the strain and jarred every joint almost to dislocation. Thus they reached the bottom of the hill, where the patient mountain horses struck a trot upon a strip of level road, bounded on one side by thick woods, on the other, by a rude stone fence, inclosing a meadow and orchard; turned sharply in at an open gate, and came to a stand in front of a long, low house, embowered in a grove of cherry trees. Both babies were crying; both mothers examining tender craniums and soft limbs, in dread of finding bruises or fractures; both nurses soothing their hurt and frightened charges with the voluble endearments of their race. So confused, shaken to pieces, and generally

miserable were all the juveniles, and the larger passengers of the feminine gender, that none of them appreciated the truth that they were, at last, at their journey's end, until Mr. Bell opened the door of their muddy cage with a jubilant outburst.

"Well, thank fortune, here we are, and our troubles are over!"

Mrs. Bell alighted in a puddle of water that surrounded the yard-gate; but she did not hear the sullen splash, or know that her ankles were wet, so eager was her survey of the premises—the Promised Land of Miss Jemima's epistle. It was but natural that her eyes should scan, with lively interest, the house that was to be the abode of herself and best treasures for the next two months, and it was quite as inevitable that a sensation of heart-sinking, bordering upon consternation, should succeed the keen, if hasty examination. The building stood upon a dead flat, that looked like a hollow, now that the eye had become accustomed to the more elevated regions over which she had travelled.

It was but a story and a half high; the parlor floor might have been laid on the very ground, so near the earth did the lower windows seem; while the upper, overshadowed by the sloping roof, were just one pane deep! The establishment would have impressed a critical stranger as being an incommodious and insalubrious dwelling for a private family of plain farm-people—but a boarding-house!

Mrs. Bell exchanged secret and rueful looks with Mrs. Earle, as they superintended the unpacking of their precious load, and Georgie whispered—covertly shaking out the folds of her sodden and creased dress—"Why, the piazza is crowded! I thought there was to be only two or three people here besides ourselves! I wonder if there is no other entrance! Must we run that gauntlet?"

This question was speedily solved, to her dissatisfaction, by the appearance, on the one step of the piazza, of a personage in whom the new arrivals intuitively and simultaneously recognized Miss Jemima. She was a would-be youngish-looking woman, plain in attire, small in stature, with gray eyes, a large mouth, thin lips, and a turned-up nose, altogether the picture of an affected, yet shrewish spinster. The rain still fell slowly, and there was another pool of water, formidable in dimensions, at the base of the step;

therefore she did not venture from beneath the cover of the portico.

"Our guests from the city, I presume!" she began, as the doleful cavalcade approached. "Mrs. Earle?" offering a bony hand to the foremost lady. "No? Mrs. Bell, then? Yes? I welcome you to our peaceful mountain seclusion! Mrs. Earle—I take it for granted that I am right, *this* time! I am rejoiced to make your acquaintance! Mr. Bell—No? I would say Mr. Earle, then—we are delighted to receive you as a member of our happy family—and you also, Mr. Bell! And these are your sweet little children! What fairies! positively they are divine! I must have a kiss from each pair of rosy lips! Oh! oh, oh! I do *so* dote upon children! I can't tell you! Oh-h-h! the angelic little seraphs! And I am sadly afraid that you have had a dreary ride. We did not dare to expect you in such unpropitious weather. I trust the dear babes have not suffered. That was the reason that our waggon did not meet you at the depot to get your trunks. I hope this omission on our part—pardonable, as you must allow it to be—will not occasion you any inconvenience. Take seats—*do*! This is our parlor, and you must always feel as much at home in it as if it were your own. We think it a tolerably well-appointed room. You perceive that we have a taste for literature and the fine arts. We could not exist without our piano, books, and pictures. Moreover, we try to please our guests in every possible and imaginable way. This is my sister, Saccharissa"—as a younger lady entered—"Mr. Bell! Mrs. Bell! Mr. Earle! Mrs. Earle! I was just saying, Saccharissa, how sorry and mortified we are that the waggon did not meet our friends at the depot. The stage cannot bring a full complement of passengers and trunks. This is our sister Hortensia, the youngest and pet of us all. There are no others of our household proper at home, at the present time. Our eldest brother—our comfort and mainstay in our orphanage—formerly a member of Congress, is Minister Plenipotentiary to the Sovereign Principality of Smokenuff, and, of course, resides abroad. Our second brother belongs to the firm of Sellum & Co., in the great metropolis. We enjoy the society of our summer visitors all the more from our comparative solitude at other times."

Here Miss Saccharissa—a rather pretty girl, with an elaborate coiffure of curls and roses,

contrasting strangely with her dress—a cotton print, that yet fitted well to a good figure—succeeded in making herself heard, and Miss Hortensia—the second sister's counterpart in manner and attire—joining in, on a different key, the three talked all together in a distracting, breathless medley of commonplaces, spiced with high-sounding words and frequent exclamations, that stunned the visitors into dumbness.

But for the babies—independent little rebels that they were!—there is no telling how long the trio of entertainers would have remained there, drawn up in line of battle in front of the defenceless ranks of storm-beaten travellers; but Master Charley Earle entered a vociferous complaint against the fate that threatened to prolong his present state of internal emptiness and outward discomfort, and being promptly and ably seconded by Miss Florence Bell, who was six months his junior, the two accomplished the incredible feat of routing the besiegers ignominiously.

"I suppose you would like to go up to your rooms pretty soon?" said Miss Jemima, as if struck by a new idea.

"We would, certainly!" said Mrs. Bell, emphatically.

Mr. Bell slipped in his word at this auspicious instant.

"And since these poor children are uncomfortable in their damp clothing, will you oblige us, and benefit them, by allowing them to dry their feet and cheer their spirits at your kitchen fire?" he said, with an insinuating smile, "gotten up," as Georgie afterwards told him, "for that occasion only."

"We are very sorry," said Miss Jemima.

"It is very unfortunate," bewailed Miss Saccharissa.

"If you had arrived half an hour sooner," chimed in Miss Hortensia.

"But the fact is that we have tea at an unfashionably early hour in this primitive region," Miss Jemima snatched at the thread of discourse.

"Our guests prefer an early tea," Miss Saccharissa got hold of it in her turn.

"It gives them an opportunity of driving or walking in the cool of the day, of sentimentalizing in the moonlight." Miss Hortensia proved herself a match for her seniors.

"And tea being over and the evening being so sultry," said Miss Jemima.

"And not anticipating the pleasure we now enjoy," Miss Saccharissa pursued, winningly. "I do hope you won't think us negligent," sighed Miss Hortensia.

"But we suffered the kitchen-fire to go out, an hour ago," concluded they, all in concert.

Even Mr. Earle's face lost its smile of malicious amusement at this unforeseen blow. Mr. Bell spoke out boldly the thought of the rest.

"We can have supper, I suppose. We have eaten nothing since twelve o'clock to-day, and are really very hungry."

"Oh, dear! yes! why, of course!" returned Miss Jemima, quickly—not to say, tartly. "You must not suppose us barbarians, Mr. Bell! We make it our rule to prepare a nice, warm, substantial repast for those friends who have travelled far and arrived late. We regard nothing as a trouble that can conduce to the happiness of our guests. Saccharissa, do you see that the rooms are made ready, right away, and Hortensia and I will attend to the preparation of supper. We are simple folk here, Mrs. Earle, and not disposed to trust much to domestics. We can make a charcoal fire in a little while, enough to cook what we will need."

With the magic words "nice, warm, substantial supper," ringing in their ears and comforting their thoughts, the travellers bore, with commendable patience, the half hour's delay in the parlor. Apparently, Miss Saccharissa had a great deal to do in the chambers the weary wanderers longed inexpressibly to behold. The children were divested of their damp hats and sacks and bidden to rest their cramped limbs upon the sofa; the nurses walked up and down the room hushing their babies, and the elders fell into a quiet undertone of comment and conjecture.

"There were at least twenty persons on the piazza—ladies, gentlemen, and children!" remarked Georgie, upon whom this circumstance had made a strong impression. "Can they all be boarders here? I should not think that the house could accommodate so many, unless the upper story is built of India rubber, and the lodgers remarkably amiable in disposition."

"You are verdant as yet; do not understand how these things are managed," replied Mr. Earle. "I should not be surprised to see twenty more here in the course of the next week. The season has just begun."

The ladies were not sorry that further predictions of this nature were suspended by the entrance of a tall man, who advanced to the centre of the room, struck a match upon his boot-heel, and proceeded very deliberately to light a large kerosene lamp that stood upon the table. The glare brought out into strong relief a bronzed visage, black-bearded, and with large, not altogether ill-looking features. His task accomplished, he turned towards the newly arrived party, with an awkward, yet by no means a bashful bow.

"I am sorry that you are obliged to wait a few minutes for your supper, ladies and gentlemen; but it is unavoidable. We are making all the haste we can with it. You found the roads in a pretty bad state, sir, did you not?" addressing Mr. Bell.

That gentleman replying in the affirmative, he and Mr. Earle fell into conversation with the stranger, the rest listening attentively. They heard an enthusiastic description of the beauty, salubrity, facilities for hunting, fishing, and other out-door sports of Roaring River, mingled with allusions to the refined hospitality they were to enjoy, and the high standing of their fellow beneficiaries of the present season; an account tallying so exactly in all particulars with Miss Jemima's written encomiums, that an unpleasant suspicion stole upon the minds of his auditors that he was a partner in the concern, and had had his instructions to puff it upon all convenient occasions. This fear was, by and by, dissipated by his saying:—

"I am only a boarder here myself; I am a resident of —, where I have been engaged in active business for many years, retiring, during the summer, to a snug country seat not far from the sea-shore. My health has become materially injured, by close application and the raw sea-air, and, by the advice of my physician, I resolved upon spending some months in the mountains. Friends of mine, whom I knew to be good judges of such matters, recommended this locality in such exalted terms, that I resolved to give Roaring River and the Misses Ketchum a trial. I consider it the wisest action of my life, gentlemen! I have been here since May."

Here poor little Florence, whose sobbings had been imperfectly suppressed in her nurse's bosom for some moments past, exploded in a burst of lamentation, and Charley joining in, all connected talk was at an end.

"Are your children sick, sir?" inquired the stranger, coolly.

"No, only tired and hungry," replied Mr. Bell, shortly. "It is past their usual bedtime."

"Their usual bedtime!" The thought of each mother flew to the cool, darkened nursery, with its small white beds, and contented, healthful sleepers, as she had looked upon them no longer ago than last night, and as the fretful cries that were not now *hushable* by any device of nurse-craft, tortured her heart and nerves, the tears sprang into her eyes at the contrast of the mind-picture with the present scene.

The stranger, meanwhile, unmindful of Mr. Bell's hint, lounged to the window, and leaning out, began a conversation with some one outside. He wheeled about quickly, as Miss Saccharissa presented herself in the doorway, a lighted lamp in her hand.

"Are the rooms ready, Saccharissa?" he asked, familiarly.

"They are! no thanks to you!" she rejoined, poutingly.

"I couldn't help it! Jemima kept me hard at work in the kitchen until three minutes ago. I will make amends by carrying the light up for you now," trying to take it from her.

She gave him a push.

"You will do no such thing. Keep your help until I ask for it, since you are so late offering it! Will you please walk up-stairs?" she continued to the amazed and disgusted spectators of her behavior.

(To be continued.)

DEAR LITTLE NELLY.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

DEAR little Nelly is sleeping to-day—

Soft be her pillow and holy her rest;

Bright angels guard her, and softly they say,

"She will awake in the morn of the blest;"

Spring, with your garlands and wealth of perfume,

Soft sunny glance of the long summer day,

Bear her pure life from the dust of the tomb,

Up to the stars of the beautiful way.

Lily and hyacinth bloom o'er her rest—

White rose and mignonette, flowers most rare—

She would have gathered you all to her breast,

Watched and caressed you, sweet brides of the air;

Violet blossom, and carol the while,

Robin, unheard—but she loved you, dear bird!

Almost I fancy her dead lips will smile,

Answering your song with some old tender word.

She was in love with each beautiful thing,

Winning all pets by her kind girlish art,

Like a stray angel with fluttering wing,

Gathering the incense of all in her heart;

She was my flower—but a bright bud was missed

Early one morn from the paradise sod,

Hushed is the song—gone the lips we have kissed—

And our lily blooms now with the lilies of God.

I remember she wished for new ribbons one day,

And dresses, and sighed, for she knew we were poor;

And her blue eyes grew bright—in a glad sunny-way

She smiled, "By and by we will have but the more!"

I could not know—but the bright dream is told,

Now she is wearing Heaven's white signet ring,

Walking in beauty the city of gold,

Wearing robes meet for the child of a king.

How well we loved her we never may tell!

How much we miss her none other can know!

Only the dear God who loveth us well,

Only He knoweth the hot tears that flow;

It is so hard when our best loved depart—

Hard to say "Peace," when such memories stir,

Yet I can bear the deep pain at my heart,

Knowing so well it is better for her.

So we have given her early to rest,

Where the warm sunlight is lingering and sweet,

Where the pale willow droops low o'er her breast,

And the green mosses creep over her feet.

She rests forever—but we must be strong,

Strong for our toiling, and brave in the strife,

Keeping her love till it wins us from wrong,

Leading us on to the River of Life.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.—Without the shepherd's dog the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd, then, feel an interest in his dog. It is, indeed, he that earns the family bread, of which he is content himself with the smallest morsel. Neither hunger nor fatigue will drive him from his master's side; he will follow him through fire and water. Another thing very remarkable is the understanding these creatures have of the necessity of being particularly tender over lame or sickly sheep. They will drive these a great deal more gently than others, and sometimes a single one is committed to their care to take home. On these occasions they perform their duty like the most tender nurses. Can it be wondered at, then, that the colley should be so much prized by the shepherd; that his death should be regarded as a great calamity to a family, of which he forms, to all intents and purposes, an integral part; or that his exploits of sagacity should be handed down from generation to generation?

MRS. VANRIPER'S EXPERIENCE AT THE NEW YORK FAIR.

— HOTEL,
NEW YORK, April 20, 1864.

MY DEAR LEMY.—“For the land’s sake!”—yes, I hear you saying it—“for the land’s sake, girls, your Aunt Bess is in the city of New York attending the great Fair.” Well, so I am, dear ones, and there is no reason why you should not be here too. Money’s plenty. I don’t want to scold you, Lemy; but I do say it’s wicked not to make an effort to let your children see something of people in general. I really thought I should have quit the other day while standing in the midst of the arms and trophies of our wars. One of the squaws entered, and, with a few appropriate remarks, presented a beautiful piece of her own work to Mrs. McClellan, as a testimony of respect. I just said to myself, “Don’t this beat all? There’s a squaw in New York society as cool and calm as a summer’s morning before sunrise; and if some members of our family were here (those, I mean, who have never before had the privilege of mixing with society), they would tremble like a leaf, and if they tried to speak, their chattering teeth would drown their words, and we, too, the descendants of true Holland nobility—it’s a wicked shame.” I know I’m talking pretty plain, but, Lemy, if you will persist in living in such an outlandish place, without express, and only one mail a week, you must abide the consequences. If you went about and saw more of the world, you would feel just as I do. I would not say one word against your living in Briarville, if you were poor, or if the children were small, for, as pa used to say, “there is no better growing air anywhere around.” Pa did not mean you should stay on the farm all your life. My stars, no! When he gave it to you, I was so thankful it had not fallen to my lot, that I couldn’t help telling him so. “It would have been your home, Betsy,” said he, “if, like Lemy Ann, you had been left with young children. I believe in giving babies wholesome food and plenty of good air. Briarville for the next ten years is the best place for Lemy. She’ll be a rich woman by that time, and can, if she chooses, take her daughters to book-stuffers and finishers, the best in the country.” That

is the way pa talked twenty years ago, Lemy, and you are still buried alive in Briarville.

I started for New York in a great hurry. It does beat everything how mean some people are. When it was first proposed in our society that one or two moneyed individuals of our village should go to the city and remain at least a week after the opening of the Fair, for the purpose of buying valuables and curiosities, to be first displayed on the counter of our worthy merchant, and afterwards sold at the prices given at the Fair, it may seem remarkable, yet it is true—no one rose and made a *bona fide* offer to go. To be sure, our merchant’s wife, Mrs. Blake, did say that her husband had intended going to New York this spring for goods, but as he was suffering terribly with something in his system, she didn’t believe he’d get off. Then two other ladies rose, and said if the society would defray their expenses, they would go. At length, after much palaver between the first and second directresses, it was agreed that, as I was not present, the secretary should write a polite note asking me either to go myself or send a substitute.

What to do I did not know; but a friend’s advice is at all times of great value, and, as it happened, who should be in at the time the note came but Deacon Kemp’s daughter. You know Sarah Kemp? She’s been one of the godly old maids so long that I think a great deal of her opinion. I gave the note to her silently.

“Well, well,” she said, “that’s illustrious; you must go, Mrs. Vanriper, by all means. A special call like that don’t come every day. Go, by all means; be sure to put up at a first-class hotel, make the housekeeper your friend, and you will have every attention.”

Sarah was going to the sewing-society. In the evening she and a number of the married ladies called; they all urged me to go.

Mrs. Belden begged me to stop at the St. Nicholas. She said it was near Lord & Taylor’s, a large store, where I could get an entire wardrobe in a few hours. Mrs. Ryerson said, “No, go by all means to the noted Fifth Avenue.” Mrs. Quick thought the Brevoort would be nearer the Fair. Mrs. Prescott ad-

vised me to try the New York. Her cousins have boarded there several years. You remember, Lem, those lofty-looking people that were in church with Mrs. Prescott three summers ago, while you were at my house on a visit? Well, they say "the New York Hotel holds its own remarkably." Mrs. Minor said her folks never went to a hotel, her husband has so many cousins, and they like to exchange visits; that they often stay at Mrs. Dunlap's, and from her windows you can see the Everett House. "It's a good hotel, a first-rate good one," Mrs. Minor said, "and so is the St. Denis." Mrs. Andrews politely insisted that the Metropolitan was as good as any in the city.

After they left, I felt somewhat confused. Not that I had any difficulty in remembering the names—my memory always was good for proper names and numbers—but in making up my mind whether I ought to go. Somehow I felt I should appear awkward in the great city, and yet I wanted to contribute more than I had done to the relief of the sick and wounded of our forces. Well, all that night I lay awake with my whole life passing before me—my childhood, courtship, marriage, husband's last sickness, and the first year of widowhood; my hard-working years, the thousands cleared, and the monotonous life I had led for more than twenty years. Thinking over the profits of the last year or two (and I assure you everything has paid well), I determined to give one thousand dollars to a poor church whose history had been told me that day, another thousand to the soldiers, and three or four thousand more, I thought, would cover my expenses. I made very little preparation before starting. With the exception of a travelling suit, and my black silk made over, I depended entirely upon what I had heard of Messrs. Lord & Taylor.

I left home early Tuesday morning, reaching the city Wednesday evening. Near New York we made a pleasant change of conductors, the last one being kind and gentlemanly. I named over to him the different hotels recommended by the ladies of our village, and he assured me they were all "tip-top."

My stars! the nearer we came to the city, the more I dreaded leaving the train. I did not know which way to go no more than nothing. I felt, Lem, precisely as I did the night Isaac asked me if our friendship might

become domestic friendship; I was dreadful puzzled for the moment. Soon as I found my wits I touched the conductor's elbow as he was passing through, and, putting a greenback in his hand, I asked him to procure for me a comfortable carriage, with reliable driver, "and," continued I, "since every hotel named is worthy of praise, I will make first trial of whichever one you would select for your own family." Bowing, and looking comical enough, he asked for my checks, and took the only one I had. Very soon the cars stopped; in a moment I found myself seated in a handsome carriage. I thanked the conductor for all his kindness, and told him I would return with him shortly, if he would tell me his days on the road. He did; moreover, he said, every conductor on that route would willingly attend to the wants of a passenger. I knew better, although I did not contradict him.

Oh, Lem, how New York is changed! You remember how often we heard ma describe it as it was in 1816. Now it extends over everything. Bleeker Street is not out of town, as it was then. I wish you and the girls were here, and yet I should be ashamed to hear you scream, at every turn, "For the land's sake!" I know you would; you are the same happy go-lucky creature, all your curiosity alive in a moment, and your tongue loose at both ends. No doubt the first tall, unprepossessing man you saw with pitched on clothes, you would clap your hands and scream out, "For the land's sake, Bess, there goes old Delacroix, just as he looked when ma visited the city!" Let me tell you, New York can now boast of greater sights than Vauxhall Garden. What you remember as the court end of town is devoted exclusively to trade. From what I had heard you tell, I fancied I should know all the old houses; instead of that, I begin to think I was in the wrong city.

Presently the carriage stopped before the largest house I'd ever seen. I never felt so beat as when I asked what the fare was, and the driver said, "All paid, ma'am; the conductor settled with me." I had presence of mind, however, to say, "I'm much obliged to him, also to you for bringing me safe. Call to-morrow at twelve o'clock; I will look about the city a little; if I don't like it here, I mean to try another hotel, and I'll pay you, too, for the trouble." "She's a greenback," I heard him say to himself, as he wrote down

my name and the hour. It is astonishing, Lemy, how much attentive politeness I receive from everybody the whole time; really, I seem of some consequence.

Entering the hotel, I held in my hand the bill which I had taken out for the driver. Slipping it in the hand of the waiter, who met me at the door, I said, "Will you be kind enough to keep an eye to my trunk, show me the parlor, and send the housekeeper to me immediately?" Up stairs he took me; the sight was beautiful; the great hall and parlors, both large and small, all a blaze of light. There was no one in the small parlor. The waiter handed me blank cards and pencil, and asked would I send my name to Miss Moore? "Law, no! she won't know me by name. Go tell her a new boarder wishes to see her in great haste." He went out, as the children say, "double quick." Miss Moore came in right away. She's not very young, but genteel-looking; she acted like a real lady, speaking kindly, and all that. I asked her to let me explain why I sent for her. I had taken out a couple of tens, which I handed to her, saying, "Will Miss Moore accept a trifle from a stranger, and be at the trouble of making me comfortable for about two weeks?" Before she had time to reply, I went right on telling why I was in New York, she seemed so anxious about me.

"You must be dreadfully fatigued," she said, "after so long a ride; never mind if your name is not on the register; I insist on your first ordering supper; no one will intrude here. Let me take your bonnet and mantle; give me your name and residence. I regret that I cannot give you a choice of rooms; neither can I ask which floor you prefer; the house is crowded. But I will do the best I can to make you comfortable."

I certainly did not feel inclined to move. To tell the truth, I was tired out. Writing name, place, county, and State on a card, I begged Miss Moore to give me if possible a room on the parlor floor. As to supper, I was awfully stomach sick, and past giving an order, so I left it entirely to her, saying I would be thankful for a cup of strong green tea. She brought in a pillow, and made me lie down on the sofa; then she gave me a small dose of bicarbonate of potash. Strange to say, I felt better right off.

In a little while in came, as I thought, a gentleman, who proved to be a waiter. Thomas

was spry at setting the table, and bringing in tea—also six oysters on the half shell, with a piece of lemon stuck on top, tender loin steak, and several other dishes.

I could not coax Miss Moore to take anything. She smiled, involuntarily, as she saw the free eye I made of my eyes after entering the elegantly furnished apartments produced by the landlord. "It's the only unoccupied 'sweet' in the house," she said, "and is engaged from the 28th. The former occupants left us on Monday for California. I am sure you will like this parlor, Mrs. Vanriper; it is exceedingly cheerful, being a corner room, with windows looking on the great thoroughfare. The bedroom, too, is large, and has the modern improvements." Sure enough, I saw dressing-room, bath, and every convenience. Then she offered to send me an honest, obliging maid. I tell you, Lemy, I was feeling a little unpleasant with everything strange about me. I owned up, saying I would prefer having a maid at hand. I had no cause to regret taking Rosa in. She offered to make herself a bed in my dressing-room, and proved herself to be all that Miss Moore represented her.

Before Miss Moore left me, I told her I was perfectly satisfied with my supper and accommodations, and if agreeable to her I would conform to her hours, if she would give the orders during my stay having our meals served in my parlor. I expect she had to ask the proprietor; for, though she looked dreadful pleased, she said she would think about it, and give an answer next morning, if I felt sufficiently rested to breakfast at eight o'clock. Thanks to Rosa, I was ready at the minute; so was breakfast; a choice meal it was, too. Miss Moore presided; Thomas waited; I did nothing but talk and eat. Miss Moore feared the dinner would come sooner than I might like, if I conformed to her hours, as she was obliged to dine early. "No, no," I told her; "I prefer having my meals served in my parlor on that very account. I'm not accustomed to late dinners, and wish to avoid the excitement of an unattended female at a hotel table, if it would not inconvenience you, Miss Moore." She said no, most emphatically; that it would make a pleasant change, quite like a visit; that we would dine at two, and drink tea at seven; and she regretted that she could only devote her evenings to me; but as the house was full to overflowing her time was

wholly occupied. Of course I did not expect her to give me the proprietor's time, but I felt glad to hear she was free evenings.

Finishing my devotional reading, I sat in a kind of maze—gazing at the multitude, and musing on the strange commixture, reminded of pa's "shoal story." I became so much engaged in watching the "different kinds," that I forgot the lapse of time until a knock announced the carriage. "My stars! it can't be noon!" exclaimed I, starting from my chair. "Three hours at the window. Well, well, ask the coachman up. I wish to speak with him a moment."

He gave his name "Robert Boggs," proving himself concerned with the hotel stables. Refusing to sit down, he walked across the room, and stood without awkwardness at the end of the mantelpiece exactly opposite me. I told him I wanted to secure for a fortnight a handsome, plain, commodious carriage, good horses, and himself for driver.

"I understand," he said, "you wish me to make a calculation of the cost—best carriage, best horses, two weeks? I will tell you the lowest price in a minute."

"I'm willing to pay a fair price," said I, interrupting him. "One has a good right to honest profits; make an estimation considering all things; then if we disagree, it's my privilege to say no, and look elsewhere."

"That's sensible talk," he replied, giving me, after a second or two, the figured expense of a two horse vehicle for a fortnight in the city.

"Whew! that's a round number," thought I, as he read the amount; but there's no trickishness in his face, steady hand, appearance neat, and no doubt it costs considerable to board a horse—feed is up. "Well, Robert," I said, "you may book me, if you'll promise to show me the most important objects of curiosity about New York and Brooklyn."

"That I will, ma'am."

"Everything about me is new, strange, and beautifully wonderful," I exclaimed, at dinner; "but it does look dreadful selfish in me to ride about alone. If my sister and nieces were only here, or, if you could go with me, Miss Moore, or, if I had a circle of acquaintance in town—oh, dear, is there not a magnanimous young lady in the house to whom you might introduce me, one who would not think it tiresome to go shopping and sight-seeing?"

"I can gratify you," Miss Moore said,

quickly, "without going farther than the next room. Judge Bond's niece would fully appreciate the kindness. She's an orphan, only sixteen, but very mature. Not long since, she graduated with highest honors at a celebrated school in Philadelphia, where she had been, I think, six years—at all events, ever since the death of her parents. Her uncle is proud of her talents; she and her French maid are now on their way to his home in one of our largest Western cities. The Judge is detained by some important business matters. Just before dinner, Miss Carroll sent for—"

"Miss Carroll!" Actually, Lem, with a jerk which nearly or quite upset both my chair and Thomas, who was standing behind me, I rushed to the door. Miss Moore started, seized my hand, and looking anxiously at me, said, "I seem to have made an extraordinary blunder, Mrs. Vanriper; do forgive me!"

Feeling somewhat stroked down, I returned to the table, saying, "It is I must beg pardon; I have frightened you, Miss Moore, and I fear I kicked Thomas."

"Not at all, madam, not at all," replied Thomas, turning to adjust the window curtains.

"Well, I'm myself again," continued I, with laughter. "But really, Miss Moore, at the mention of the name of Carroll, an idea forced me out to ascertain if this Miss Carroll was the daughter of the late Henry Carroll. On second thought, she cannot be, for my friend Henry married a Miss West. Both died about six years ago, leaving one child, a daughter, answering to the age of this young girl. It cannot be the same family if Judge Bond was her mother's brother."

"Now, Mrs. Vanriper," said Miss Moore, earnestly, "do finish your dinner; I am really impatient to bring Miss Carroll in. I have no doubt her father was the friend of your childhood. Well do I remember one morning that she sent for me to look at a most gorgeous Afghan she had just completed for her uncle, and she was extolling him, when her maid cried out—

"'Tis ver' surprise! you see, madmwazel's mamma vas half sist' to mosseer; me see better uncle in citee! Now, 'tis ver' surprise!'

"As Miss Carroll was silent at this burst of broken English, I asked no questions; but if true, if Judge Bond was Mrs. Carroll's half brother, why not expect a pleasant surprise?"

Miss Moore went immediately to Miss Carroll, and though after all she said I ought to have known better, I seemed like one in a dream, picturing to myself a timid, half-grown child waiting to be coaxed in.

"Come in!" I said, in answer to a quick knock. A queenlike-looking young person in costly street dress entered. I rose to tell her she had mistaken the room—when, only think, Lem, she caught both my hands, and kissed me again and again. I could not find the words to speak; her arms were about me, her face close to mine.

"I have found a friend," said she, breaking the momentary silence. "A friend whose memory retains sentiments of esteem for my dear, dear father. There's a large place in my heart for you, Mrs. Vanriper. Won't you call me Lily, and take me to your heart too?"

"Yes," I answered, in a low tone, for her gentle voice and winning manner brought back old times so forcibly that I could scarcely control myself. "Yes, yes, dear Lily." And then, after a long conversation, I began to advise with her about my dress. Many, many times that day my heart thanked Mrs. Belden. I had often ridiculed her partiality for Mr. Godey's fashions. I made, according to the present custom, a fine appearance (at least in travelling-dress), and I could see what a laughing-stock I would have been in my old rig. You recollect, Lem, the shawl Captain Smith brought me from India. I had never worn it. While I was packing, Mrs. Belden happened to spy it in the great chest. She urged me to take it; said I would see plenty of the same sort worn in New York. The minute Lily saw my shawl, she exclaimed, "Beautiful!" (I was displaying my wardrobe to her that she might know what I really needed.) "A fifteen hundred dollar camel's hair. What excellent taste you have, Mrs. Vanriper! Never was dress nor bonnet more simple or appropriate for travelling than yours. I think for the Fair, a little thread lace with French clusters would make the bonnet more stylish. My maid, Eveline, will soon add a last polish. So don your black silk, with camel's-hair shawl, and our shopping is soon disposed of."

Lily is up to snuff, I tell you. I let her take the lead; she conducted me to the carriage, and gave the order to Robert with as much ease as you would throw out feed to the chickens. Following her into the store, I ex-

perienced the same emotion once awakened in the mind of the Queen of Sheba; truly the half had not been told me. Lily requested all the little articles we purchased to be placed in the carriage. She gave the clerk my name, and told him to send the dresses, mantle, etc., to the hotel. Then she took me to a fashionable milliner's for headaddresses and breakfast caps. She did not see any she liked. I saw a white lace bonnet there, which struck my fancy exactly. It was simple, with drooping feathers outside, and the roses inside were so natural that I could not resist smelling them—no odor perceived. I bought the bonnet, however, and Lily said we would go next to "Richmond's." There we found headaddresses to suit the most fastidious. Afterwards, Lily selected a set of gilt combs, also an ivory set with buttons, pin, and ear-rings to match. She fitted me out completely that afternoon, to the tune of eighteen hundred. I know you are laughing in your sleeve, Lem, and saying to yourself, "An absurd old dunce and her money soon parted;" but wait till you are tried.

After tea, while we were looking over my new rig, the waiter brought in Judge Bond's card. "To be sure I shall be happy to make your uncle's acquaintanceship," I said, in reply to Lily's question. "I shall be glad to let him come right in." I stole a look at the glass to see if my headaddress and curls were becomingly arranged.

"Don't touch your hair, Mrs. Vanriper; you are looking sweet as a pink."

I knew I must look pretty smart, or Lily wouldn't say that. It made me feel as easy as an old shoe, and I received the Judge with much cordiality. He is a very agreeable, unpretending man, of some fifty years of age. A thrill ran through my frame when he invited me to accompany himself and niece to the Fair. How our village people would have stared to see my first entrance, leaning on the arm of an Honorable. I was in a dream of happy bewilderment. It was an evening of glorious recollections. The Judge conversed very affably about the various articles on exhibition. You would have roared to see me looking like the very quintessence of gentility.

I wish I could fully describe each department. I send you by this mail the newspapers containing a minute description. The illustrations in "Harper's Weekly" are most ex-

cellent good ones. A career of unprecedented success has attended this much talked of Fair. Beauty and fashion grace its walls. The star and stripe draperies are gorgeous; no expense has been spared. I sincerely hope our soldiers will soon have a good home. Now, in my opinion, too great praise cannot be awarded the managers to whom we are indebted for this magnificent entertainment. Nor must I neglect expressing my approbation of the musicians. I listened entranced to the exquisite strains which they called from the instruments of music. They deserve to be spoken of in terms of the highest praise. Their leaders, I know, are reaping "golden opinions" even from folks that haven't read Shakspeare.

Owing to the immense crowd that night, we did not attempt to stem the tide; I therefore only glanced at everything. The greatest novelty to me was the wonderful arrangement of the ladies' hair. One lady in the "Curiosity Shop," though insensible to the fact, has indelibly impressed her hair upon my heart. In the same shop, I saw a lock from Napoleon's head; also a ring containing a little of Gen. Washington's hair. I felt real disappointed not to see a sample from the head of Samson, and one of Noah's teeth; but it's impossible to please everybody, and after all, the collection is very handsome indeed. I had a bird's eye view of the hat worn in '62 by President Lincoln. Your wedding fan, and one I saw there, are just as much alike as two peas; also, a bonnet like the one you bought during your last visit to New York.

In the department devoted to "arms and trophies," I received a correct idea of the "pontoon bridge." I never before, with all my reading, understood the admirable ingenuity in its true force. How you will squirm when I tell you I voted every day or two—nor did I lose my votes either. Betsy Van-riper, I tell you, is generally right on the goose question.

Mrs. Major General threw in a few for my man too. If my eyes do not deceive me, that woman has acute sight, none of her faculties are misplaced, or I throw away my guess.

The "Picture Gallery" was my special admiration. Lily and I spent many hours there. I send catalogues of the different departments so that I can go into the minutiae on my return.

Lily has made a beautiful pencil sketch of

the "Hair Eagle." You see the newspapers describe it exactly, and all she had to notice with particular care was the different gradations of color. I do say, Lem, when I think how little your girls know, it makes me downright mad. It's the stupidest—don't care if the word isn't in a dictionary—it's the stupidest piece of business I ever did see! The idea of burying one's self and two daughters, and they, too, as elegant a specimen of the human race as one would wish to see. It makes my blood boil, it does! I'm sorry I got mad just as I was going to tell about the "Floral Temple." We, Lily and I, were looking at the flourishing flowers, and I was selecting a few plants and cuttings, when the Judge excused himself for a moment. Soon after, he conducted us to the restaurant, where we found a most splendid supper ready. It seems he gave the order before taking us to the Fair, and left us (for the moment) to have two costly bouquets laid, one at Lily's plate, the other at mine. After supper we had a merry time eating "Normandy cakes." The beautiful bakers entirely bewitched the Judge, nor were Lily and I less charmed. We bought their pictures, and had a good time generally. At the Fire department I found many articles to please our village people. Wasn't I tired that night?

Judge Bond did not object to our passing the next day at the Fair; but in an especial manner he requested me not to visit the "Knickerbocker Kitchen" without him. I was on tiptoe to go—provoking man! I understand him now; he wanted to see me sink a few pegs. He asked a number of questions relating to old Dutch times, and I with simplicity gave him a true idea of our good ancestry—particularly specifying the days of our dear grandparents as they were still fresh in my recollection. I represented the family gathering round the highly polished, solid mahogany round table, adorned with richest china, and so purely clean that to your touch it seemed liable to slip away. Plenty of genuine silver teaspoons, very small, having no unpleasant taste. Bread sliced, that is, first spread, then cut into thin pieces, and folded together. Smoked beef shaved, pot cheese grated; most excellent preserves, wafers, hard waffles, jumbles, and doughnuts.

Grandma in brocade gown and petticoat, high crown cap, and heel shoes. Grandpa in small clothes, silk stockings, and knee buckles.

His silvered locks braided slightly, and tied with black ribbon.

Tom and Sam, young slaves and table-waiters, one at grandma's right hand, the other at grandpa's. Kitchen well filled with happy colored people; the high back chairs on either side of the huge fireplace belonged exclusively to the oldest slaves. Mollie occupied the corner nearest the cupboard; Cato near the clock. Did our grandparents eat in the kitchen? Never! unless it might be housecleaning times. At our family parties, grandpa would ask in Dutch if we wanted to dance; of course we were always ready for a frolic. Then grandma would whisper to Tom, and by the time tea was over, the middle of the kitchen was cleared, the slaves standing round like wall-flowers, and obliging Cato ready with fiddle and bow. There was no place in the world to us children like the old stone house.

Judge Bond was wonderfully pleased with my statement. He gave me an invitation to attend the opera that very evening, turning my mind for the moment completely from the kitchen; an opera to me had ever been something we only read about. Lily begged me not say "nay;" so, at her suggestion, I donned my white bonnet. I did not expect to see many people; I thought everybody was at the Fair. Bless me, the house was full, and I was astonishingly impressed. Such a supper as we had, too, at "Delmonico's," after the "Faust," is beyond all tell! The next day, a drive to Central Park was proposed; the Judge found I rather inclined towards finishing the week at the Fair. I was really impatient to visit the Knickerbocker.

On entering the carriage, Robert told me the fashionables were at the Park on Saturdays and Wednesdays, and he thought we were going to have a long storm. I felt sorry then that I had been quite so resolute; but the Judge was off, and our arrangements made for the day. Lily assured me her uncle did not intend I should go home without a drive through the Park, and then she said something to Robert; and before I understood where the carriage had stopped, the gypsy was leading me into the cattle-show. Well, I have seen big creatures in my day; but never one with such a frame as that ox—his eye was dreadful expressive. "What a lovely pet!" I exclaimed; "how well his flaxen hair would contrast with my clover!" I thought

the child would hurt herself laughing. I made Robert go in to take a look.

Judge Bond was to meet us at half past five in the International. He came with a pocket full of little horseshoes. He gave us each several clusters, assuring us we would need something to keep our spirits up.

I'm real glad you could not enter the kitchen, Lem; you would have quit at sight of such a jumble. My stars! the idea of pretending to go back to 1664, with ceiling sky high, weakly beams, and shallow fireplace. What an insult to true Holland rank! Why, the present style of your kitchen, Lem, is a far better resemblance of the olden time. At one glance in the medley, I saw brocade, tallow candles, gold beads, onions, big fan, boiling pot, bracelets, lace, high heels, and occupation, waiting-maid, stuffed cat, cracked horn. Seventy-five cents for a seat at the table, every egg five cents extra, second cup of tea fifteen. Unheard of crockery, pewter spoons, green apple sauce, smoked beef in chunks, cheese in nubbins. My Dutch appetite called for a plate of soft waffles. The female shook her head, sweetly smiled, and confessed she did not understand me. Then I looked opposite, and beheld two men with their hats on. I comprehend the whole: "Please take me out," I whispered; "we're in the wrong place. Only see, the men have their hats on at table; they must be German Dutch. I don't belong here; no, indeed I don't!"

The greater part of next week happened to be, as Robert predicted, stormy. Notwithstanding our fatigue, we attended church. My carriage formed a link in the grand chain on Fifth Avenue. It is astonishing the amount of good there is done in New York. It came across me in church: perhaps a package of commodities sold by the grocer at the Fair would be a nice way of thanking the dominie for his rich sermon; it's so easy to send an acceptable trifle to a minister in the name of "a friend."

The rapid vanishing of precious time makes one feel dreadful unpleasant. It was Saturday again before I knew it. A bright sunny day it was! If the truth is to be told, I was a little provoked at Lily. She had the Fair cold; but I didn't think the giddy girl would be kept home by snuffles. She wouldn't listen to my postponing the drive—said, "Uncle must not be disappointed on any account"

whatever." I could not withstand her coaxing, so, when the summons came, I gave the dear child a kiss, and followed Judge Bond in happy ignorance. I became at once deeply interested and amused at the varied information flowing from his lips. I never had the slightest suspicion that he was a widower; I thought for certain he was a married man, and gratefully accepted his politeness on account of his being Lily's guardian. I can't tell how it came to pass, but as we rolled on at a fair pace the Judge called my attention to an elegant row of houses. I am sure I cannot tell how they are connected with his wife's death. I only know that from the time I laid eyes on the brown stone fronts I became so surprised and perplexed that I could utter nothing but "Yes? You don't say so! Yes? Dear me! Yes? O my!" I would give something now for a sketch of us at that instant, for two such surprised objects, to a certainty, are not often to be met with. What he said sounded kinder nice too, although for the life of me I can't recall one sentence. Well, who'd have thought it? it came so sudden. I did not see the Park to advantage at that time.

Yes, Lily has deserted me, thought I, as a half hour passed without her rushing in. I wished to escape drinking tea alone with Miss Moore. I knew she would naturally question me respecting my first impression of Central Park. How could I confess to her that the only objects I remembered were a large collection of water and a few trees. I determined to ring for Rosa, undress, and go to bed. As I sat meditating upon these things, a low tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Lily. "What, dreaming here alone?"

"Yes; I'm going home on Monday," I said, quite sadly.

"Going home so soon? Oh, Mrs. Vanriper, you are only teasing me! I cannot be happy without you." Then she threw her arms around me and apologized for not telling me her uncle was a widower. She seemed so very sorry that I could not help forgiving her. "Ah, I see the old smile returning to your lips. We are good friends again. Come, tell me; may I have the right to call you auntie? You need not fear to yield your happiness to uncle. I tried it on a short acquaintance, and see how highly he values my love. Please go with us, and teach me to be good."

Is it possible? three weeks in New York! The conductor must think me a big story-

teller. The goods I bought at the Fair were invoiced and carefully packed by the Judge, who sent them home by express, also a long confidential letter from me to Mrs. Belden. I know she can keep a secret. Besides, I want my house and pantry prepared, and my best carriage at the depot to receive the Judge and Lily, who will accompany me home. Dear Judge would not listen to my going alone, and he has at last persuaded me to name an early day in July for our marriage.

Who'd have thought it, the day I stood in the midst of the arms and trophies, quite near enough to compare my shawl with the camel's-hair worn by Mrs. Major-General—who'd have thought that, in less than three weeks from that time, I, Betsy Vanriper, would be the affianced of Hon. James McCarty Bond? We live in a wonderful age, Lem! and you are buried alive.

"Pshaw!" Yes, I hear you saying it—"Moving is not in my line; I don't train in such company," and a hundred other unpleasant remarks. But don't say too much. Remember I am your sister, and not entirely ridiculous in the eyes of some people, as this sparkling diamond on my left hand finger next the thumb fully declares.

I cannot stop to enumerate to you the costly presents received already from the Judge. His floral gifts are far more expressive than words, they are so pure and tender—and the baskets will always be useful. The picture of our western home is already before my mental vision—baskets, flower-baskets everywhere! But it is not wise to foretaste earthly bliss.

On taking leave of the Fair, I felt a strong desire to shake hands all round with the policemen. "Truly they merit the sincere thanks of each visitor," I replied to the Judge, who good-humoredly laughed me out of the notion.

Lily is to superintend my—dear me! what's the word? I can't get at it! Never mind, it's French, and if you and the girls wish to see it, you must be at my house by the first of June, certain. Don't stop to fix; I will have a dressmaker and plenty of goods to work upon. I promise you each an entire rig.

After our marriage we expect to visit the most fashionable watering-places. Lily will go with us. I wish to be thoroughly initiated before entering on new home duties. You know I never was condensative, and there is

enough on my mind to fill a quire. But the dear Judge has just sent in a note inviting me to go with him to have our pictures taken.

I quite long to see Sarah Kemp. She predicted it was "a special call." Trifles often make perfection, Lem; you may become an institution yet.

With the hope of seeing you and the girls ere long at the top of the pinnacle, petted and caressed as much as I am, believe me, as ever,

Your devoted sister, Bess.

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(*Pearl the Eighth.*)

THE VISIT OF THE ANGEL.

A WINDOW in heaven was just ajar,
When, all unseen by the sentinel star,
An angel slipped out from her jasper throne,
And wandering down to this wood alone,
She watched the children of men in the race
For fashion and fame, for power and place.
She saw how the miser could hoard up his gold,
And leave his own kindred to die in the cold.
She saw how the scholar bent over his books
Till the seal of Death's angel was seen in his looks.
She saw how the warrior, in hope of a crown,
The lives of the people, like clover, mowed down.
She saw how the maiden, by selfishness nursed,
Though by flatterers blessed, by her victims was cursed.
She saw crime-stained culprits in pulpit and pew,
And the falseness of those who had sworn to be true.
In the ships on the sea, in the houses on land,
The touch of the tempter was ever at hand.
In the links of the chain were life's phases all told,
Both the good and the true, with the base and the bold.
And the shadow of sin like a firmament hung
O'er the crutches of age and the steps of the young.
And the tears of the sorrowing flowed like a wave
Over shrines that were broken, that love could not save.
But a sorrow far deeper, more fearful than all
The angel had viewed, though in hovel or hall,
Had yet to be seen, where the victims of rum
In the ashes of grief and in sorrow were dumb.
Not long did she wait ere the trail of the cup
Was seen in its march over faith, love, and hope.
And never came tide that in ebb or in flow
Covered over such love or revealed so much woe.
"O children of men!" said the angel, "to me
The sorrow of sorrows, *this* sorrow must be!
Beyond all the sorrow the miser can make,
Beyond all the lives that ambition can take,
"The greatest is this, where all hope is bereft,
And the curse of Intemperance only is left.
"O men made immortal, for bliss or for pain!
O men made immortal, for loss or for gain!

"Why, why touch the wine cup? Why take to your hearts

The viper that enters, but seldom departs?

"Why call down the shadow to fold you in wrath,
Instead of the sunshine to brighten your path?"

Then, weary of seeing such sorrow and crime,
The angel went back to that beautiful clime

Where the thrones are of jasper, the harps are of gold,
And the aged grow young, but the young grow not old;
Where Love's wings unfurl our hearthstone and home,
And the curse of Intemperance never can come.

SCRAPS.

VARIETY. — What inextricable confusion must the world for ever have been in, but for the variety which we find to obtain in the faces, the voices, and the handwritings of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man, no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and lust. But now every man's face can distinguish him in the light—his voice in the dark—and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance? or is it not a manifest as well as an admirable indication of a Divine superintendence?

THE HUMAN HEART.—You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them.

A WORD TO THE LADIES.—Jane Eyre says: "I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay, cold, -expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves because if you showed too much animation some pragmatistical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to devote your life to his inanity."

SEVENTEEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VERTICAL RAILWAY," ETC. ETC.

THERE is a certain pretty country-seat in York State, but exactly whereabouts I "dinna care to tell." It is a lovely spot, kept in such good order that it is a delight to walk over the smooth lawn or down the gravelled avenue. The house is long and low, with a wide piazza in front, covered with Virginia creeper and odorous Madeira vine. On one side of the house, at the foot of a sloping grove of maple trees, is a sparkling brook, bordered thickly by stunted willows; the water dashes under a rustic bridge, tumbles laughingly over a little mimic dam, and then, quite subdued by its fall, flows off gently through a green meadow. On the other side of the house is a great old-fashioned garden; the straight alleys, so long that they taper to a point in the distance, are shaded by lilac and snow-ball bushes, and here and there with exact regularity are bunches of box, of which the children have made arm-chairs. The garden is full of brightly blooming flowers—peonies, delicious day-lilies, and many, many roses. Then there are honeysuckle arbors, and one great elm tree, whose long, graceful branches droop down to the very ground.

The place is called Brookside, and the owner is Howard Brooke, a gentleman farmer. Mr. Brooke is the best farmer and the best neighbor in all the country round. He is the soul of good nature, and a most indulgent father; in fact, a too indulgent father; for there was his pretty daughter Greta, who was seventeen years old, and had never been to any but a village school until a couple of years ago. She is married now to a rich New Yorker, and makes a very funny, dignified little madame. It is of her I intend to write. If there ever was a pretty, romping, spoiled child, it was Greta Brooke at seventeen. She completely managed her father and mother, and was the worshipped idol of her four brothers. An only sister, her will was law to the boys; and she, never having had any girl companions, played their boyish games, rode and drove gay horses, and, in fact, was one of them.

One morning, late in summer, Mr. Brooke stood by his toilet-table engaged in the arduous task of shaving. His wife sat by the open

window, rocking in a rather mournful manner; she seemed in deep and somewhat troubled thought; at last, she said, with a sigh—

"Did you know that Greta was seventeen last Monday, Mr. Brooke?"

Mr. Brooke said "No, I did not," very pleasantly, and continued the delicate operation of shaving his upper lip.

"Seventeen," continued Mrs. Brooke, with another sigh, "and she knows nothing that a young lady ought to know. She is a very good companion for Tom and the rest of the boys; but how would she appear by the side of other girls?"

"Rather hoydenish, I fear," said Mr. Brooke, with a dismal shake of the head.

"I fear so, indeed," answered his wife.

There was a pause. Mr. Brooke slowly wiped his razor and put the strap into its case. Mrs. Brooke rocked backwards and forwards with unusual energy. At last she ventured to hint that it would be well for Greta to go to a boarding-school. Mr. Brooke had evidently been thinking the same thing; but he said—

"She never would consent to go."

"Reason with her, Mr. B., point out to her the necessity for going, and I think she will see it herself; she is a girl of great good sense."

"Why don't *you* reason with her, my dear?" mildly asked the gentleman.

"Well, you know just how it is; she can coax me out of anything," said Mrs. Brooke, helplessly.

Mr. B. said nothing, but he thought he was no more proof against the coaxing than his wife. He put on a linen coat as the finishing touch to his toilet, and then came and stood by her side and looked thoughtfully out upon the lawn.

"I have thought of a plan," at length he said. "It will, at any rate, do no harm to try it, and that is to announce at the breakfast-table this morning that the boarding-school affair is a settled thing. Perhaps coming unexpectedly, Greta will make no difficulty."

Mrs. Brooke looked doubtful, but she acquiesced.

Miss Greta, in the mean time, sat in the broad, cool front hall, lazily playing with her little "black and tan," and entirely unconscious of the plot forming overhead.

"We are hungry, Snip, ain't we?" she said, sweetly, tweaking the dog's ears.

Snip answered by an assenting yelp.

"And why don't our papa and mamma come down to breakfast, Snip? It is an hour since I got up. Too bad, ain't it?"

Snip twitched his tail impatiently, and growled a low acquiescence.

"That is the crossiest cur it was ever my luck to meet with," said a youth, who lay at full length on the floor with a hat over his face.

"And who asked your opinion, sir? Snippy, pull his nose."

The dog made a rush and a grab, and was rewarded by being caught by the tail by Master Tom, and twisted round and round with such swiftness that, when at last released, poor Snip tottered back to his mistress in a forlorn and wretched condition.

"Never mind, my dearest Snippy," said the young lady, consolingly; "if he will not let you pull it, I will do it for you." So saying, Miss Greta arose and gave chase to Master Tom, who, in expectation of this continuation of the affair, stood prepared. Much scrambling and laughing, yelping and barking ensued, which was only interrupted by the announcement of breakfast.

Greta and Tom, now joined by Billy, and Sam, and Frank, tore into the breakfast-room, and took their places in their usual not *very* quiet manner.

Mr. Brooke proceeded with his breakfast, every moment thinking he would communicate the dreadful news the next. Many times he gave a preparatory "Ahem," and once he even got so far as "My daughter, I have decided that"—but, alas, it ended with "I have decided that—I will take another chop;" and he passed Greta his plate, never daring to meet the eyes of his wife, who sat behind the coffee urn with idle hands, and a perfectly hopeless expression settled upon her face.

Breakfast was almost over; it must come now or never!

"Ahem!" said Mr. Brooke once more, and this time with great determination; "Greta, my daughter, you cannot even play 'Yankee Doodle' upon the piano, can you?"

"No, but I can sing," said Miss Greta.

"Now I think," said Mr. Brooke, conciliatingly, and looking toward his wife for encouragement, "that a young lady of seventeen years of age ought to be able to play on the piano, and dance, too, for that matter; and even, perhaps, speak a little French."

Mrs. Brooke nodded approvingly.

Miss Greta's pearly mouth was quite wide open with astonishment at this very unusual address, and with expectation of what was to come.

"In fact," said Mr. Brooke, with a desperate effort, "I have concluded that Greta must go to a boarding-school."

Here there was a dreadful yell from the four boys and Snip; and Tompkins, the waiter, slipped out of the room to tell the stunning tidings in the kitchen.

"She sha'n't go—she sha'n't go!" bellowed the boys.

"Bow-wow-ow-ow!" yelped Snip.

"Why, I should like it of all things," said the doomed one, with sparkling eyes.

"No, would you, my precious girl?" said her father. "I was horribly afraid you would object."

"How sweet in you, dear!" said her mother, pouring out a cup of coffee for herself—her first—with a relieved mind.

The boys still kept up a subdued howl, and refused to be comforted.

Preparations were made in great haste, and Miss Greta and her papa took their seats in the cars within a week after the momentous decision.

Miss Greta ensconced herself by the window and put her father's portmanteau under her little feet by way of footstool, and snoozed away the time until they reached New York. To say that her heart did not beat more quickly than usual as they drove up to Madame C——'s would not be true; but she was a brave girl, and bore the introduction to the principal and to a few of the boarders without flinching; and bade her father "Good-by," and commended Snip to his tender mercies without a falter in her voice.

Her first week was rather irksome. There are pleasanter things in the world than learning one's notes and steps; and, besides, for my part, I heartily pity any poor girl entering a school where she is entirely unacquainted, and where she is put into a room with twenty other girls to make her way with them as best she can. But it was not

long before Greta was prime favorite; and I am forced to confess that the girls who had been models of propriety before she came are now, incited by her example, frequently invited to Madame C.'s room. I wish to announce here that I entirely disapprove of these same polite little invitations. Two years ago, I was in boarding-school myself. Was I a good girl? I leave you to judge. I know I was favored with a private audience with the principal on an average of three times a week. One of the scrawny teachers would give her warning tap at the door, open it before we said "Come in," and deliver herself thus: "Madame desires Miss Halsey will come into her parlor at once." Pitying glances would be cast upon me by the girls, and I, with perfect nonchalance (I was too accustomed to it to be discomposed), would saunter down to Madame's parlor, receive her lecture and threat of dismissal, and return to my room no better than when I left it.

Before two months had passed, Greta's papa and mamma never would have recognized their daughter; and I am convinced the boys would not have dared to approach within ten feet of her, much less kiss and pull her about. Such a fashionable little thing that she was! In the afternoon's walk down the avenue, Miss Greta was decidedly the "show girl." She had such a dainty, elegant little way with her, that she was quite the admiration of the young gentleman loungers and tandem drivers on the Avenue. At church, she was in her element; no girl could be so gracefully devotional; no girl could use her handkerchief with half the effect; no girl could be *apparently* so completely unconscious of the numerous eyes in the gallery. Madame C. was really proud of her in church, and took occasion every Sunday to express her approval of her manner, which she declared was *comme un ange*.

In the seat in front of Greta, there sat a gentleman whose opinion entirely coincided with Madame's; not that he expressed his admiration in any obtrusive manner, for he was a widower, and widowers are universally undemonstrative. Indeed, he kept his opinion so completely to himself, that Greta herself was totally unaware of it.

Sunday after Sunday, he entered his pew early, and waited impatiently for the rustle of Miss Greta's beflounced dress, and the little velvet, gilt-edged prayer-book she so

industriously flourished became astonishingly familiar.

But, indeed, she was a good little thing after all, and said her prayers most earnestly. Occasionally, her conscience was burdened with the fact that she had waved her handkerchief or kissed her hand to some ardent admirer as he walked slowly past her window, and the next day she would be so extraordinarily good to "pay for it," that she could not even be induced to glance at the same young gent as he walked past again and again in hopes of receiving another favor.

At the close of the year there was to be a grand *soirée musicale et dramatique*. Of course Mlle. Brooke was to take prominent parts; and her proud papa and mamma came on to New York to attend the *soirée*, and bear off their truly accomplished daughter.

The evening came at last. Such a trustle and bustle as there was in the dormitories! such entreaties for pins! such implorings for hair-pins! such heart-rending appeals to lace up dresses!

Greta, arrayed in a cherry-colored crape, with her brown eyes softly shining under their long lashes, and her wavy, brown hair falling low on her neck, was as pretty an object as one would wish to see: and her appearance on the little stage as a coquettish young Parisienne was greeted with loud applause. And, indeed, she acted well—with so much grace, with so much delicacy, and yet with so much effect.

The affair went off with *éclat*. Madame C. was delighted with all her scholars, and graciously acceded to many applications for introductions from enamored young men. Greta was surrounded, and only now and then got a chance to run to her father and mother and make hurried inquiries for "Tom and the boys" and "Snip."

Towards the end of the evening, when the band was at full blast, and the young people engaged in the delights of the "German," Madame C. came up to Greta and whispered that she wanted her to leave the dance as soon as possible, for there was a gentleman begging an introduction, and "one you ought to know," continued Madame, with a tap on Greta's white shoulder; "he is a great *parti*." Greta inwardly cried "Bother!" took one more turn with her disconsolate partner, to whom she had communicated Madame's request, and then walked slowly towards that

lady, anything but ready to play the affable to the desirable gentleman.

There he stood, tall and dignified. Madame C. was talking in her animated French way, her gloved hand gracefully gesticulating. Greta leisurely approached. "Ah, here is the *demoiselle*," exclaimed Madame. "Mlle Brooke, I have the honor to present to you Mr. Maxwell."

"Mr. Maxwell," murmured Greta, with a quick bend, and in a rather frettish tone; and then she looked up and met Mr. Maxwell's eyes—faultless eyes!

Mr. Maxwell made her a grave bow, and passed some quiet compliments upon her acting.

"I am glad to know that my poor efforts met with your approval," said Greta, with great dignity.

"My warmest approval, I assure you," said the gentleman, not looking at all snubbed. "May I ask if you continue with Madame C. another year?"

"No," answered Greta; "I am most happy to say that my school-days are over."

"Perhaps some day you will regret that they were so short," he said.

"I never expect to," said Greta, indifferently, and looking longingly through the vista of rooms to where the "German" dancers were whirling in some intricate figure. There, leaning against the wall, stood her quondam partner looking wretched to a degree. She tapped her foot in time to the brilliant galop, and looked so bored and *distraite*, that her companion took pity on her, and offered to return her to her partner.

"O, if you please," said Greta, eagerly, and looking brightly up into his face for the first time.

He laughed a little; he could not have felt very much complimented.

"On the condition," he said, "that you give me one turn first."

"With pleasure," was her answer, and they went to the ball-room.

O that galop, "Mai Blumer!" I could dance to it forever.

Mr. Maxwell was a perfect dancer, and Greta found herself wishing that he had asked for more than "one turn;" but he resigned her to the wretched young man who had glared with jealousy as he saw Greta borne off by another, and was now made supremely happy once more.

Madame C. whispered to Greta, as she bade her good-night, "You have gained a triumph, *chérie*; Mr. Maxwell has not danced since his wife's death. He used to be the best dancer in New York."

The Brookes were going to West Point. They went up the river by boat; and, by the by, how much pleasanter it is to do so in summer! On a steamboat you find everybody good-natured and obliging. Ladies sit contentedly on deck, with spread skirts and open parasols; gentlemen group together sociably, and smoke to their heart's content. While in the cars, ladies look worn out and dusty, their laps crowded with bags, bundles, and babies; their thoughts running miserably upon that disagreeable woman in front, or that whiskey-smelling Irishman behind. Gentlemen are cross and sleepy, and do nothing but wander back and forth from the smoking-car to their seats; and if abused by their wives for smelling of tobacco, look savage instead of penitent.

The Brookes enjoyed their trip amazingly, and took pleasant rooms at Roe's. Miss Greta, as can be imagined, was a great belle at the Point. Her time was fully occupied by her half dozen flirtations, which there it is very easy to keep up at once. One cadet would get a "permit" for the afternoon and call for Miss Greta to walk, and they would saunter round flirtation walk, and sit under the trees (cadets are universally susceptible). On their return, the poor fellow would go back to camp in a desperate condition. In the evening another one would have a permit, and he would sit with Miss Greta on the piazza till tattoo beat, and then tear himself away at the last moment, and rush off in the same bad state as the aforesaid unfortunate.

And at "hops" it would be useless to try and count the hearts that Greta broke. Her father laughed, and her mother scolded a little; and Greta would say, with perfect innocence: "Why, mamma, what have I done?"

One evening, as Miss Greta entered the drawing-room on some devotee's arm, she heard a voice that sounded slightly familiar. Turning hastily, she saw it was Mr. Maxwell, who was talking languidly with a dashing young lady. And the dashing young lady looked perfectly happy with—and not a little proud of that gentleman's attentions.

Mr. Maxwell looked up, caught Greta's eye, bowed low with a slight smile, and resumed

his conversation with more animation. All that evening he did not go near Greta; and, to tell the truth, she felt a little piqued. After his great desire to obtain an introduction to her in New York, it was not very complimentary that he should appear satisfied with what he saw of her there, and make no effort to continue the acquaintance. And that night, when Mrs. Brooke went, as usual, to her daughter's room, and happened to remark: "By the way, dear, did I not see that Mr. Maxwell in the parlors this evening?" I am sorry to say that Miss Greta's "Yes" was rather snappish.

In the morning, however, as she sat in the parlor at the piano, drumming away at scraps of redowas and galops, Mr. Maxwell came up to her, and, after a brief "Good-morning," asked her to continue her playing.

"My musical education is not complete," she said; "I do not play well enough for exhibition yet."

He did not urge her, said "Ah!" indifferently, and after another moment lounged away.

"Horrid man!" said Greta, as she marched up stairs; and, strange to say, from that time Miss Greta was as anxious to obtain Mr. Maxwell's notice as she had been before to get rid of it.

The "horrid man" seemed to destroy all her pleasure; she could not waltz without noticing how much better he waltzed than the man she was with; she could not promenade the piazza in the evening, or go into the parlor in the morning, without noticing how devotedly he was bending over some pretty girl; she could not take any comfort in her flirtations, because the fact would continually obtrude itself that he was handsomer than the very handsomest of her flirts.

Greta's admirers continued as devoted as ever, and one evening, as she was walking with one of them, the poor wretch made a most passionate declaration, and entreated her to engage herself to him. Greta was dreadfully distressed, and answered in the way that young ladies are always supposed to do on like occasions, declared she did not love him, *could* not love him, and had no idea he thought of her except as a friend. Then the Miss turned round and made the best of her way back to the hotel, bade the disconsolate youth a kind good-by at the door, and started to run up to her room. But she was stopped

by a bevy of girls who insisted that she should go with them to the parlors; "they were going to have a dance all to themselves, not a man admitted." She tried to beg off, but it was useless, and Miss Nannie Fletcher claimed her as her partner, and dragged her into the room.

Poor Greta really felt badly; she did not intend to break anybody's heart *en verité*, and she readily saw that the young cadet was in perfect earnest and very much in love.

Her dancing was, therefore, rather inanimate and called down the criticisms of the girls.

"What *has* got into you, Greta Brooke?" cried one.

"You dance like a stick," was another comment.

"And she is as pale as a ghost," said Nannie Fletcher; "I do believe she has had a proposal!"

At this suggestion there was a chorus—"Of course she has; tell us all about it, Greta! Who was it? When was it?"

Greta gazed in amazement—"How did you know?" she asked.

"Know!" says Flora Cox, "why, every girl has dozens every summer; cadets are always proposing."

"I had one from red-headed little Smith walking back from band practice to-day," said one of the girls.

"But I really thought he was in earnest," said Greta, piteously, "and I was feeling so sorry."

"Well, so he was in earnest," said Nannie Fletcher; "but you have only been here a couple of weeks, and don't know that before the season is half over he will be just as much in earnest with some other girls."

"Yes," put in Flora Cox, "but if you had accepted him he would have loved you forever, army officers are so constant. I accepted Frank Williams this morning."

Here all the girls clustered around Miss Cox to be informed of the circumstances; and Greta made her escape, somewhat enlightened upon the subject of West Point flirtations.

If you doubt this little account, Miss, spend next summer at the Point, and see for yourself. Why, it must necessarily be so. Let as many girls go there as will, and there are still half a dozen cadets to each girl; and, poor mortals (the cadets, I mean)! they study and work hard all the long winter without ever, scarcely, seeing a pretty face; so, when the

summer comes and they are camping out, and the place is crowded with pleasure-seekers, they very naturally fall in love with the first pretty girl that smiles sweetly upon them.

The hearty, genial Mr. Brooke was a favorite with every one. It was a real pleasure to meet him, his face always smiling—his greeting always so cordial. He was hand in glove with every man at the Point, and treated the cadets as if they were individually his own sons.

In the afternoons Mr. Brooke and his wife were accustomed to drive out: they drove a light two-seated open barouche, and always filled the vacant places with some of the young people. Mrs. Brooke would walk slowly through the halls and parlors, and the ones that looked a little pale were sure to be the ones favored. Her tender heart ached at seeing a pale face among so many blooming ones.

One afternoon, just before the time to start, a gentleman came up to Mr. Brooke and invited him to join a whist party in his room. The temptation was too great to be resisted; so Mr. Brooke told his daughter that she might drive in his stead, and went off with his friend. Many of the loungers on the balcony opened their eyes wide in horror at the very idea; but Greta received the permission with so much nonchalance that others were quite lost in admiration.

The carriage was brought around, and Nan-nie Fletcher and Flora Cox sprang gayly into the back seat. The other young lady, who had been invited upon the strength of her fallow face, declared for a time that she would not dare to go if Greta was going to drive; but Greta, who was never very renowned for patience, cried out, rather crossly, and in not a very ladylike manner, "If you are coming, come on; if not, stay where you are." This decided the matter, and the nervous Miss Thompson decided to "come on."

The horses were gay, but Greta managed them with so much skill as well as grace that there was a murmur of applause as they disappeared down the road. They drove on in fine style for a few miles, the girls in the back seat having a glorious good time. Greta was tolerably quiet; the horses were spirited, and claimed all her attention. The nervous young lady sat trembling beside her, uttering prolonged exclamations of terror every time the horses pricked their ears or danced a little. The road was fine, and as they bowled

swiftly along the horses seemed to grow more excited. Greta's hand and eye were on the alert, and everything in the road, or by the roadside, that would tend to frighten the animals she carefully avoided.

"Well, Greta Brooke, you do drive splendidly," cried out Flora Cox, in genuine admiration.

The young lady so complimented looked pleased, but declared (as young ladies always will) that she was dreadfully out of practice; had not driven a span since she left home almost a year before.

"I should have thought you had been brought up in a livery-stable," said funny Miss Fletcher.

Here there was a giggle from all except Miss Timidity in front, who begged Greta, in an imploring tone, to look out for that horseman coming, as he was riding so fast it might start their horses.

Greta gave a contemptuous "Pshaw!" The rider rapidly approached; but, as he neared them, slackened his speed and glanced wonderingly at the occupants of the carriage, and then bowing, as he recognized them all as acquaintances, passed on.

"Mr. Maxwell. How well he rides," said Miss Cox.

Greta twitched the reins, and gave an impatient little touch with the whip to the off horse.

"Don't do that," entreated the girl beside her; "they'll run away next and dash us all to pieces."

The animals were trotting very swiftly, and as they turned suddenly round a corner the pull on the reins was so great that it required all of Greta's strength to hold them, and when they were once more on the straight road her right wrist pained her so much she found she had sprained it. She bore it without a word, and drove as well as she could with her left hand; she turned the horses' heads, however, towards home, and soothed them with her voice till they quieted their pace. Her wrist began to pain her excessively, and she felt very faint. Flora Cox, leaning over to speak to her, noticed her extreme pallor: "What is the matter?" she asked, quickly, very much frightened.

"Nothing," just whispered Greta. "I sprained my wrist a little—and"—she could say no more; she swayed in her seat, and then fell back into the carriage.

Miss Cox seized the reins from her hand,

and managed to stop the horses. At this moment Mr. Maxwell was seen at some distance, fortunately approaching. Miss Nannie waved her handkerchief as a signal of distress, and the gentleman instantly noticing the signal galloped toward them. He sprang off his horse, and giving the bridle to Nannie to hold, ran around to the side of the carriage where Greta lay perfectly unconscious.

"What has caused this?" he asked, anxiously.

"She sprained her wrist, it seems," said Miss Cox. "I did not know it till a minute ago. As I was speaking to her she looked so very pale, I asked her what ailed her; she said something about spraining her wrist, and then just fainted off so."

Here the nervous young lady made as if she was going to faint, too; but was instantaneously restored by Nannie Fletcher remarking that if she fainted they would have to leave her by the roadside till they took Greta home, as there was not room in the carriage for two swooning individuals, and "first come first served."

Mr. Maxwell's face was almost as white as Greta's.

"It is a wonder you were not run away with," said he, as he lifted Greta from the carriage and laid her on the turf, with her head in Miss Cox's lap, until he arranged the cushions more conveniently. "I am surprised that Mr. Brooke was so imprudent as to allow his daughter to drive such a pair of horses!"

"She is accustomed to driving, I believe," said Nannie, apologetically.

"That is no excuse in *my* opinion," said Mr. Maxwell, seriously; "the idea of a child like that driving a span, it would be all I could do to hold!"

He took his horse from Nannie, and tying it to the fence, bade Miss Cox and Miss Thompson sit behind and support Greta, and Miss Fletcher sit beside him in front. They drove off gently; the motion seemed to revive Greta somewhat: "Where am I? What is it?" she murmured.

"Keep still, darling; everything is right," said Flora, soothingly, laying her hand on her head.

Greta closed her eyes and said no more till they reached the hotel. At that hour there were not many people on the gallery, and, consequently, there was very little excitement

as they drove up. "Send for papa," she then whispered.

"There is not time to send for your father. I shall take the liberty of carrying you to your room," said Mr. Maxwell, who had heard the low whisper.

He gave the reins to the groom standing near, and then taking Greta in his arms, carried her up to her own room.

A doctor was sent for who set Greta's wrist, made a little prescription or so, and bidding her be quiet, said she would be over it in a day or two.

Misses Cox, Fletcher, and Thompson were in great demand that evening; and the story of the mishap was repeated dozens of times, with embellishments. Mr. Maxwell did not make his appearance.

After several days, the little invalid was pronounced well enough to go down stairs for a while; so, robed in a blue gown which decidedly heightened the interesting effect, she crept into the front parlor, and took her seat upon a distant sofa. Her mother followed with anxiety to see if she bore the change well, and then left her, satisfied with the little color she saw tinging the pale cheek that the exertion would do her no harm.

The parlor was almost empty. There was no one in it that Greta knew, and she sat quietly leaning back for some time, her eyes, made larger and softer than ever by the little confinement, wandering languidly in search of a familiar face; they were arrested at last by the figure of a gentleman on the piazza who was leaning up against the window-sill. He appeared to be having a very interesting time with some one; and Greta, raising herself up a bit, discovered that "some one" to be Nannie Fletcher. She felt a little pang, though why she should have, I don't know. If she could only have heard the conversation between the two on the piazza!

"Does she look so pale, then?"

"Oh, dreadfully, and she is as weak as a kitten!"

"Poor child!"

"But her mother said she might come down this morning; I should not wonder if she is in the parlor now."

The gentleman started and looked hastily in at the window; he met a pair of hazel eyes. Excusing himself to Miss Fletcher, he joined Greta on the sofa. She colored faintly, and holding out her hand said, in a low voice:—

"I have wanted to thank you so much, Mr. Maxwell, and yet my thanks must be rather ungracious now, as I am forced to offer you my left hand."

He took the little fingers in his for a moment, and said something polite about the "little service he had rendered" being a pleasure; then he changed the conversation, and talked on quickly of the weather, and the last hop, and everything else. He watched Greta nervously, though, all the time, and could not forbear noticing how white her cheeks looked in contrast with the long lashes falling softly upon them. He said, suddenly:—

"How pale you have grown!"

"Yes; is it not ridiculous that such a trifling accident should have affected me so?"

"A sprain is always painful. You should not have attempted to drive those horses."

"I am accustomed to driving; but they were rather hard-bitted."

"I was astonished when I passed you," he went on. "I could hardly believe that your father had permitted you to start off so, without any gentleman, and even without a servant."

"But I hate to have a servant behind," said Greta, in something like her old pettish tone, "it is such a restraint!"

"Rather than risk your life," commenced Mr. Maxwell; he was not allowed to finish, however, for Miss Nannie Fletcher had come to the conclusion that they had talked long enough, so she spread the news of Greta's presence in the parlor, and quite a little crowd now collected around her. Mr. Maxwell yielded his seat by the young lady to some eager cadet, and betook himself to his own room and his meerschaum.

The season was more than half over, and Mr. Brooke longed for his home, his horses, and his boys. Mrs. Brooke spoke of returning to her daughter, who made no objections, and so it was concluded to go.

Greta was now perfectly well, and more in demand than ever; the cadets raved about her; she was so full of fun, and as wild at times as an untamed colt. She rode on horseback every day with her father close at hand as a protection from all mishaps. She would race up to the hotel on her return from these rides—her eyes sparkling, her lovely hair half tumbling down, her cheeks as red as roses—and would look triumphantly back at her father, who would be puffing away on

a hard trot some distance off. Mr. Maxwell was always near at their returns, and lifted the pretty creature off her horse, and watched her gravely as she sprang up the steps into the house, her dark habit gathered full into both white hands. Sometimes he rode with them; but if he did, Greta was sure to be cantering on ahead all the time; and would reach home a little in advance, and jump off her horse without assistance—she seemed so shy of him.

When her mother proposed going home, Greta was glad of it. The continued excitement had wearied her, and besides, her proud little heart rebelled against the love which she felt was growing within her. "He thinks me only a child," she would say to herself fifty times a day, and so avoid him.

I will not attempt to describe the misery with which the news of Greta's intended departure was received; nor the broken-hearted depression which settled upon a score of youth when that sad event actually took place. Miss Flora Cox and Miss Nannie Fletcher, made themselves look like frights by crying all of one afternoon, and appearing at the tea-table with very red eyes. However, Cadet Frank Williams soon comforted the one; and the other one was probably soothed by another of the same *genre*.

Mr. Maxwell accompanied the Brookes to the boat, and received the last flutter of Miss Greta's handkerchief. He should have seen the direction the handkerchief took as his figure was no longer discernible to the young lady!

Although I would not rend your hearts by describing the departure from West Point, I will gladly tell of the return to Brookside—how at the gate they were met by four great boys, a little scrambling head-over-heels dog, and innumerable quantities of darkeys. And how the boys dragged their sister from the carriage, and almost smothered her with kisses; and how Snipe gave one bound, and reached his mistress's arms, and licked her face in pure delight.

In a few days they had settled down to their own life, except that Greta was, to the great disgust of the boys, much subdued. Indeed, she was so very grave and orderly, that Mrs. Brooke strongly suspected that something was wrong; so she went with her husband and had a confab with him upon the subject. But he hooted the idea. "What,

Greta pining after some little fellow in a gray coat and white breeches! Nonsense! No such thing!" Mrs. Brooke was not to be convinced, though, so she went back to her daughter and informed her privately, that they would certainly spend the next summer at West Point, which piece of information, much to Mrs. B.'s discomfiture, Greta received with perfect indifference.

One morning Greta shut herself into the drawing-room, and commenced in earnest the study of "Schulhoff's Grand Valse, No. 2." She was busily engaged with it, when her father opened the door, and with a grave face asked her to come to the library. Greta followed him wondering. He put a letter into her hand, and bade her go by herself and read it.

Greta went to her room, her heart beating rapidly, and the color coming and going in her cheek. She sat down by the window; but it was some time before she gained courage to open the letter. At last the seal was broken; there, at the end of the white page, was the signature "Hugh Maxwell;" all else was confused for awhile.

Greta put her face in her two hands, and cried a little after perusing the important epistle. It was such a relief—such a happiness! Then came a sudden terror, what should she write in return? She *could not* write to him, her father must write for her. So she ran swiftly down stairs into her father's library, and going up to him, laid her blushing cheek on his shoulder, and whispered, as she put the little note into his hand: "You tell him yes, papa, I can't!"

The indignation which seized the boys when this piece of news was confided to them, beggars description. "Greta has been away a year already, and now she must go and get engaged and go off with some man. Disgraceful!" said Tom, in accents of strong contempt.

"Shameful!" chorused the rest of the boys.

"Why, I could not help it," entreated Greta, deprecatingly; "it was not my fault; besides, I did not go and get engaged, I stayed here."

"Absurd subterfuge!" growled Tom.

Mr. Brooke attempted to quiet the tumult, by declaring that Greta should not be married for three years, and by that time Tom would be through college and be engaged himself.

"Me engaged! Never!" and Tom left the room in disgust.

At the end of the week, a bright Saturday evening, Greta heard, as she sat in her room, the wheels of a carriage on the gravel. She started up; her first thought was to run away, and then she stood uncertain, her bosom heaving, her face burning. Mr. Brooke called her: "Here, Greta, come down, a gentleman is asking for you." And then she heard her father's laugh and cordial tones, her mother's quiet voice; and, another voice still, that made her heart beat. She opened the door, and glided down stairs and into the drawing-room so softly, that she was there before they knew it. She put out her hand gently and looked around for help from her father or mother; but they had disappeared; and there stood Mr. Maxwell, both her hands in his, and his face perfectly eloquent with happiness. He drew her down beside him on the sofa, and then she looked up for the first time to meet his eyes. Her blushing, pretty face was so tempting, and feeling his right, he kissed it. "I cannot think you love me yet!" he whispered.

"But I *do*!" was the naive and very satisfactory reply.

Mr. Brooke's threat of three years, dwindled down to three months; at the end of which time there was a rousing wedding at Brookside, and Mr. Maxwell carried off his little wife and installed her mistress of his New York home.

The last time I saw her (for she is a great friend of mine, and we visit eternally), she was seated on the floor in her dressing-room, teaching Snip how to make a bow. And Mr. Maxwell was lying on a lounge near by, highly enjoying the operation.

SLEEP.

BY MONROE GUY CARLTON.

CHILD of swart Somnus! born to soothe and charm!

Before whose tranquil throne all men bow down
To win the sweet oblivion's popped crown,
I gladly praise thee! for thy balmy arm
Encirclest all alike, from serf to king;
Nor pausest here thy favor—thou dost bring
Gossamer'd fancies, wove in magic looms,

To employ our souls, while our gross natures cling
To downy rest; or, at thy will, through glooms
Of ghostly crypts, dank, dangerous, charnel rooms,
Lead'st us in jest. O sleep! strange fairy thou—

Who makest beggars lords, and princes slaves,
And mourners glad—to beck'ning man thy prow
Shalt ever come across the Lethæan waves.

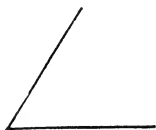
THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.

IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

TRIANGLES.

P. Suppose, Ion, that you were drawing on a piece of paper, and wanted to inclose a space with lines. How many lines would you want?

Ion. Let me try. I want two lines to make



an angle, but now I have made it, one side is left open. I must put another line; now, the

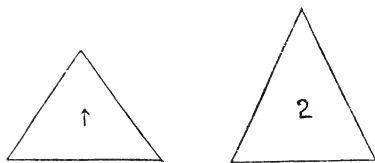


space is shut up, and there are three sides, and three angles.

L. I can inclose a space with two lines. See!



P. But the upper one is curved, Lucy. I should have reminded you that we are only learning straight lines; so, to inclose a space with straight lines, we must make a figure with three sides. This figure, you see, has also three angles; so it is called a *triangle*. Look at these triangles carefully, and tell me if you can see any difference between them.



W. Yes, papa. The one marked No. 2 is much larger than the other.

P. How many sides are larger?

L. Two, papa. The bottom line in No. 2 is of the same size as the bottom line of No. 1. Now, I notice something in No. 1.

P. What is it?

L. The sides of it are all of the same size—equal.

P. That is right. Now, I will tell you something. The Latin word for side is *latus*, so, as this triangle is equal-sided, it is called an *Equi-lateral Triangle*.

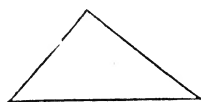
W. But, papa, No. 2 is not equi-lateral, because only two sides of it are equal—the long ones.

P. And this angle is, therefore, named after two Greek words which mean “equal legs.” It is called an *Isosceles Triangle*.

Ion. That is a peculiar name, papa. Will you tell me how to spell it, please? and I will write it down on a piece of paper. Now, I have them both—

Equilateral Triangle, and
Isosceles Triangle.

P. Here is another triangle. How many of its sides are equal?



W. Oh, none, papa! They seem to be all unequal. What are we to call this one?

P. A triangle with three unequal sides is called a *Scalene Triangle*.

Ion. That is an uglier name than the other one; but I'll write it down. S-c-a-l-e-n-e, Scalene.

P. Now you may make the lesson—then, I will give you a drawing to do.

L. I can make it, papa.

LESSON NO. 5.

A figure with three sides has three angles, and is called a *Triangle*.

A triangle with three equal sides is called an *Equilateral Triangle*.

A triangle with two equal sides is called an *Isosceles Triangle*.

And a triangle with no equal sides is called a *Scalene Triangle*.

Now, we will begin to make drawings with triangles.

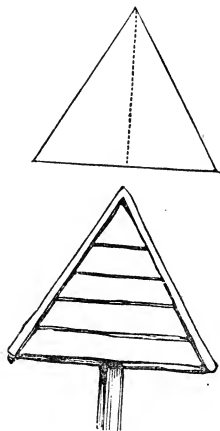
Here is a drawing of the back of our pigeon-house. What shape is it?

Ion. It is an equilateral triangle. I never noticed that in our pigeon-house before.

P. And see what I have done. In order to be quite sure that it is upright, I have made a perpendicular line of dots. It runs, you observe, through the middle. Now, I know that the line is upright. How does it show me that the triangle is upright too?

W. Because it runs exactly through the middle of the bottom line; and then there is just as large a piece of the triangle on the right side, as there is on the left side.

P. Do not say *the bottom line* of the triangle again; say *the base* of the triangle; that is the proper name for the bottom line.



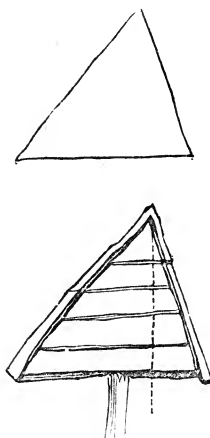
Ion. I will say what the line does. It crosses the middle of the base, and cuts the triangle in half.

P. Now, who will copy it?

W. I will, papa. Oh, do let me; please. I'll make *such a BEAUTY!*

L. How fond you are of the words "*such a beauty,*" Willie!

W. Well, it will be a beauty. You shall see. Now, then, the sides are equal. Yes, and the post is in the middle. It is finished!



P. Then let me look at it, Willie. We shall soon see if it is right. I will draw a perpendicular line from the top through the base. Now you can see that the triangle is not divided exactly in half.

L. No. The left hand side is three times as large as the right hand side. Poor Willie!

W. Why, what is the matter with the drawing?

Ion. Nothing, only it is rather *ill*. It is falling down; and the lines are in the wrong direction. And then, the triangle—it is—it is that terrible Greek work, Scalene!

ON READING

THE LAST BOOK OF ALICE B. HAVEN.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

A LITTLE book—a simple gift—

Yet how it stirs the heart!

How every touching, tender line

Compels the tear to start!

For the slight frame, whose tracings brought

Love's sunlight on the hearth,

Is palsied by the chill of death—

Gone from the loved of earth.

And yet, upon this fittle page

A light seems falling now—

The radiance of her angel eyes,

Her mild and sinless brow;

I know she sees how many hearts

Have thrilled to purer thought,

Touched by the holy sympathies

Her blessed life has taught.

I know that every gentle word,

Traced amid care and pain,

Wrought into jewels, shines upon

Her angel robes again;

That, in the New Jerusalem,

No whiter soul is there,

Than hers who fashioned life with faith,

And ended it with prayer.

I ASK NO MORE.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

I HAVE not wealth; no lands are mine,

I own no houses broad and high;

I have no costly gems to shine;

No robes of rich and varied dye;

No regal coach and dappled grays

To drag me through the crowded streets,

No titled fops to lisp my praise,

And bow in homage at my feet.

No servants to obey my will;

No slaves to wait on my command;

No golden cups with wine to fill;

No rings upon my small brown hand;

No costly couch, with soft lace hung,

And softly spread with snowy white,

To rest, at night, my form upon

When wrapt in tranquil slumber light.

No, I have none, not one of these;

My home is but a rustic cot;

I've no fastidious friends to please,

And mine 's a very happy lot;

For I am loved by one true heart—

And as the hours and days glide o'er,

I see no *golden* dreams depart—

Oh, I have love! I ask *no more*.

MRS. WARD'S VISIT TO NIAGARA; AND HER ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE SHODDY FAMILY.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

How d'ye do, *Miss Pettengill*? Declare, I'm proper pleased to see you, and dredful glad you come over so soon; though I must own to bein' clean tuckered out with my visit to Niagary! It's a consid'able long jaunt for me, I s'pose the folks to home thought; though, now I look back on't, it don't seem more'n goin' down to the spring in the holler, and fetchin' a couple of pails of water for the tea kettle—there's nothin' like gettin' *used* to travellin'! S'pose you was kinder s'prised, *Miss Pettengill*, wa'n't you? when you heard I'd took it into my head to go and pay a visit to Niagary—seein' I ain't took a long trip sence I went to Bostin, three years ago come October, to see the Prince of Wales, and had that sociable set-down with him to the Revere House. 'Twas kind of queer, I allers thought, *who* went and writ that up in a piece and had it printed in Mister Godey's Lady's Fashion-Book! The fust I knew about it, Martha—'Bijah's wife—she come over here one mornin', when I was a-churnin', and sez she: "O, mother, here's your visit to the Prince all writ out in black and white in a grand piece, and it sounds rale nice—jest as though you was an orthur! I jest got the book, and come right over to tell you." "Now," sez I, takin' my hands off of the churn-dasher, "I should admire to know who's been and put me afore the publick at my time of life—fifty three, comin' next May! I shall jest get Arty to write a letter to Mister Godey, and inquire all about it!" "Don't you do it, mother!" sez Martha. "You orter be thankful ter think you've got inter print without *your* doin' ennything! Why, some folks is so crazy to git afore the publick, they do *ennything*—run away with other folks' husbands, or some sech like! Don't you do a thing! It sounds jest as natteral as the days are long!" But I *did* go and write a letter myself to Mister Godey—which ain't no small job for me now; and I got one back—the nicest, sociablest letter you ever see! and Mister Godey, he sent me his love, and sed everybody was so interested in the account of my visit to Mister Wales, he hoped I wouldn't take offence becoss

he'd printed it, and axed me for my potygraff for his album, and sent me his 'n; jest as nice, smilin', proper-lookin' a man as ever you see! Martha, she's borried it to put inter her album, and then, when he writ, too, that a readin' woman—*Miss Davenport*—had been a lecturin' my piece all over the country and in all the big cities, I kinder got over my touchy fit, and let Martha read the piece to me, and had a rale hearty laff over it myself. 'T*would* be kind of queer, though, if ennybody sh'd git hold of my goin' to *Niagary*, and write *that* up for Mister Godey, too! 'Bijah sez, "he expects nothin' but what they will, for a pairson that's been hand in glove with the futur King of England, is of some consequence these times;" but sez I, back, "son 'Bijah, don't you go to be settin' up your old mother to be vain! I never had my name in the papers but twice afore—once when I was merried, and agin, when I was appinted by the Judge of Probit to execute your poor dead-and-gone father's estate, 'till that time when somebody writ me up; and I don't seem to b'lieve they'll do it the second time!" though, to be sure, if they should go and do it, I couldn't help what I couldn't hender!

But that's neither here nor there, *Miss Pettengill*, if I'm goin' to tell you about my journey to *Niagary*. Hev you a comfortable seat in that rockin'-chair? and hadn't you better draw up to the stove a little? the days are kind of coolish this September weather; and I allers make a pint of kindlin' a fire in the air-tight when I feel like havin' it. If it's the middle of July, and I feel chilly, I jest start a good fire right away; there's nothin' like keepin' comfortable.

But to begin about my jaunt! You see, *Miss Pettengill*, ever sence I was a little gal, and read in the Geography-book about Niagary Falls, with the picter of the spray eurlin' up like the smoke off a burnin' house, I felt dredful curis to go and pay a visit to it. Old Squire Joe Hilton, he allers laffed at my notions, and sed he'd jest as soon see the water come tumblin' over the dam at Manchester, when the Merrymack river was riz by

a spring freshet, and the boys, Arty and 'Bijah, and even Martha, sed it was temptin' Providence to think of settin' out at my time of life on sech a jaunt; but when niece Ruth Ann Wetherell down to Bostin writ that she and her husband were a-goin' to take a trip to Niagary about the middle of July, I jest made up my mind I'd go along with 'em; so I didn't say nothin' to the folks to home, till I'd writ Ruth Ann, and got her answer back "that she should be rale pleased to hev her dear Aunt Sophrony make one of their party," and then I told 'em. 'Twas too late for 'em to make any opposition, that you see; so I made arrangements to hev a good stout woman come and keep house for Arty and the hired hands through hayin', and packed up my trunk and set off to Bostin.

Ruth Ann, she made me stop a week to her house to git rested; then we started—Mister and Miss Wetherell, and I, and some city neighbors of theirn, who were going to take the same journey; and I declare, Miss Pettengill, I did feel peart as a young gal, when I found myself in the keers at the Wooster Depot, actooally sot out to pay a visit to the great Falls of Niagary!

I ain't got time to tell you all about the journey; only to say that we got to Springfield by noon—the city, you know, where there's the armory, and hundreds of machinists manafacturin' the guns for guverment to use against the rebels; and, late in the arternoon, we got to Albany without enny accidence, and crossed the river on a great flat ferry-boat with monstrous wheels; and all the baggage was toted on to it from the keers, and went over at the same time. I was beginnin' to feel worried about my hair trunk, and was jest a-goin' to speak to the conductor folks about it; but Mister Wetherell, he told me he'd got it checked clean through to the end of our journey, and we should find it safe and sound at Niagary when we got there; arter which I felt more easy, and begun to hum to myself that old tune Mister Ward used to sing when he felt good natured—

"A boat, a boat, to cross the ferry!

And we'll go over to be merry;

And, as we go, sing 'Heigh down, derry!'"

Waal, while I sot a hummin' kind of easy, a little accidence befell me—or *liked* to, which amounts to purty much the same thing. It seems to me, that, wherever I go, Miss Pettengill, I meet my share of human natur! While

I was a-settin' there by myself—Ruth Ann and her folks havin' got sepyrated a little from me in the crowd—a rale benevolent, mildfaced lookin' man, with gold-bowed specks and a white neckercher on, come up to me, and, a-layin' his hand on his buzzum, sez he: "Madam, I know you to be a noble-minded, generous benyfactress of your specie, by the expreshun of your countenance, and for that reason I presume to address you. I am a minister of the Methydist persuasion, travelin' on my carcuit; and am now in desire of returnin' to my sick wife and nine small children, havin' been sepyrated from them a long time. But I hev, unfortinitly, been robbed of my puss containin' my little airthly all, and am reduced to a great strait. Here's an extry pair of gold-bowed glasses"—pullin' 'em right off of the bridge of his nose—"that cost me ten dollars; but, if you'll take 'em for five, you'll confer a lastin' benyfit on a minister of the Lord and a devoted husband and parent!" I declare, Miss Pettengill, I was jest a pullin' out my handkercher to wipe my eyes, and my puss with it, when the boat gin a great bump, and Mister Wetherell, he came hurryin' up. "What's happened?" sez I. "We ain't run into another boat, or been blown up, hev we?" "Nothin' of the kind," sez he, smilin', only we've touched wharf; so come, aunty!" I riz; but, jest as I was agoin', I remembered the poor minister with the specks, and turned; but he warn't nowhere to be seen amongst the crowd. Mister Wetherell, he laffed like everything when I told him about the poor man and wanted to hunt him up, and sed: "Mebbe John Rogers was about on that ferry-boat; or, most likely, 'twas the Mister Jenkins who fooled Moses at the Fair, in the old book Oliver Goldsmith writ about the Parson of Wakefield." I declare, Miss Pettengill, I don't know *when* my feelins was so dreadfully hurt! not even when I remembered the nice-lookin' young feller who helped me so perlite onto the steps of the Park Street meetin'-'us in Bostin to git a good site of the Prince, and then stole my puss and new silk handkercher to pay for't. I'll never trust smooth-spoken folks nor ministers agin, you may depend on't!

Wall, we stopped to Albany over night; and, I must tell you about the great tavern where we put up. It sot in to hev a heavy thunder-shower jest as we were gettin' off the ferry-boat, and the men folks of Mister Weth-

erell's party sed they never *yet* was to Albany but what it rained; howsomever, it didn't hurt us, for we all got inter an omnerbus and rid up to a tavern not moire 'n a stone's throw from the ferry depot. It rained and thundered proper heavy; and Ruth Ann's husband he smiled, and asked me "if I wasn't worrited about the minister in the gold-bowed glasses, for fear he should got struck?" And, to tell the truth, *Miss Pettengill*, I shouldn't a keered *much* if they'd melted clean off of the bridge of his nose—he *deserved* a judgment for palm-in' himself off for one of the Lord's own; though I didn't *say* nothin'.

Arter we'd got to the tavern, we had a proper nice supper, in a great dinin'-room sot out with much as fifty little tabls that wouldn't hold more 'n six or eight apiece; and all the help to wait upon us was black as the ace of spades, with white aprons on, and as perlite as could be, and there was a head one, who snapped his fingers and made little signs for all the rest to come and go by, jest like soldiers at a trainin'. One stood right behind my chair while I was a-eatin' my supper, and I told Ruth Ann I never *could* bear the idea of bein' looked at while I was a-eatin'—it made me nervous; but Ruth Ann, she said I must git used to it, for we should see plenty more of it before we'd finished our journey. I didn't say ennything further; but, thinks I to myself, "It's come to a purty pass, if folks can't eat what they pay for to a tavern, without every mouthful's bein' watched as it goes down your throat! It looks as though the tavern-keeper set 'em there for darkey spies!"

We went up to our rooms arter supper, had a good night's sleep, ixceptin' one of the men of the party said *his* bed was so hard, his wife found him settin' up in the middle of the night at the table, writin' an "Ode to a Cast-iron Mattress;" but we all laffed, and concluded he wouldn't make a very good *soldier*, and next mornin', bright and airy, we sot off on our journey agin. We rid all day, stoppin' at a town I disremember for dinner, and 'twas dreadful dusty, and hot, and tiresome, whirlin' along all that July day in them railroad keers, I can tell you, *Miss Pettengill*! 'Taint a bit like settin' in your own rockin'-cheer to home, out on the porch, with the clover smellin' so sweet, and pinies and roses in the garden; but, to tell the truth, I made up my mind I should have to put up with consid'able many unconveniences on sech a jaunt; so I

took it easy as I could, and got along purty well, considering.

Bimeby it begun to grow late in the arternoon, and we got nigh to the eend of our journey. I was proper glad when the keers stopped to Niagary, and when we lit and got inter one of the omnerbusses drawn up in a line by the depot. When our folks was all in, Mister Wetherell he told the driver where to kerry us; and purty soon, arter drivin' a little spell through Niagary town—and a real cool, comfortable place it was, too—we stopped before the nicest kind of a tavern, a great, square, stone buildin' three times as big's the Eagle Hotel over to Concord, with a great open, front entry, all paved with blocks of black and white marble, for all the world jest like a checker-board. Jest as soon as we driv up to the door and the driver opened the omnerbus for us to 'light, what should I see but two darkey waiters, smilin' zif they was proper glad to see company, drawn up each side of the front door, jest as you see picters in old fairy story-books, where the *genuses* stand ready to get down on their knees and kiss the hands of the princes and princesses when they're steppin' out of their charyots after they've been out a-ridin'. I was gettin' kinder used to things by this time, and it made me feel kinder consequence like; so I sailed inter the tavern arter Ruthy Ann, with my head up as high as could be.

The rest of the women-folks, they went rite inter a great room to the right hand—a sort of meetin'-us parlor, with great arm-cheers all ranged round, and a table in the middle; but, jest as I got inside the front door, the thought of my trunk come over me like a shock, and I walked straight up to a man behind a little counter partitioned off at one eend of the entry, and asked him about it. The man, who was a-writin' in a big book at a desk, put his pen behind his ear, bowed very perlite, and after asking my name, looked at his book a minnit, and said: "It's all right, ma'am! You'll find it in your room, No. 21, 'waitin' you!" It seems that Ruth Ann's husband had sent on and spoke for our rooms at the tavern afore we set out; so I curchied and thanked the man, and followed one of them black waiters up stairs, and through a long entry, till I come to my room—and, I tell you, *Miss Pettengill*, there never was a body that was gladder to set down and rest a spell, and git off the dust, than I was! Ruth Ann,

she looked in from her room, next door to mine, and sed I'd better lay down a little afore supper; and she turned a little handle fixed in the wall, which brought up one of them darkey servants again, and arter he'd onstrapped my trunk, I locked the door and took a short rest on the bed.

While I'm talkin' of trunks, *Miss Pettengill*, I must say I do wish you could a seen some of the monstrous ones some of the women folks brought along with 'em; "*Saratogy* trunks," they call 'em; but I sh'd say they'd better name 'em all "*Niagary*," and done with it, for they sartainly were as big as the addition to 'Bijah's L to his house, and would hold more gownds than enny woman'd want in her lifetime, let alone enough for one journey. It made me shudder to hear the depot men swear when they lifted 'em inter the baggage keers; and one feller, he took his oath one of 'em war'n't a trunk, but a *meetin'-us*! I didn't much blame him, neither!

Waal, arter we'd all rested a spell, we went down to supper; and 'twas the same over again *there* as to Albany—darkey waiters, all ranged like statoots behind your chairs, and perlite and bowin' when they helped you to a thing close beside your plate, jest as though you hadn't got hands for yourself! I took it easier this time; though I couldn't help sayin' to *Ruthy Ann*, "it seemed as if this war'd turned loose all the Southern contrabands all over the North." But la, you can get used to *ennything* arter a spell, *Miss Pettengill*! Bimeby, I didn't mind them black waiters no more'n so many flies crawlin' on the wall—though I stood to it, that I would help myself when I was a mind to, jest as if I'd been to home.

I was purty well tuckered out that night, and went to bed airly; *Mister Wetherell*, he jest sayin', "Be sure and be up betimes to-morrow mornin', *Aunt Sophrony*, for we must hev a sight of the Falls right arter breakfast!" I slept like a top, for all the great *Niagary* Falls were a-roarin' purty close by the tavern and rattlin' the very window of my room, as if a hundred baggage trains kept goin' by all night.

Waal, arter breakfast next day, we sot out to see the sights. I wore my thinnest black bombyzine dress and cape, and my commonest bunnit, for it looked lowery, as if we sh'd hev a shower; and I took my new blue umberill, in case I might need it; and, if it didn't rain,

'twould be kinder handy to lean on when I got fagged out. We went out of the back door of the tavern, nigh to the counter where the man stood to do the writin'—*Mister Wetherell* sed he was the *clark*, though I'm sure he looked nice enough for the *landlord*—and we went along a gravelled walk leadin' through a yard where there was a great fountain throwin' off water, and then through a gate, with a great white frame fixed over the top above your heads, tellin' you this was the way to Goat Island—a place where everybody went first, to get the best view of the Falls from. I see half a dozen other taverns, besides the one we stopped at, in the neighborhood; and then we crossed the road, and passed a little store all filled with feather fans, and curis work, and bead things, hangin' in the windér. "Injun curiosities, aunty," said *Ruthy Ann*; "we'll stop and examine them some other time, and purchase some to take home with us." Then we went on, over a bridge rite acrost the water that come tearin', and foam-in', and whirlin' down, like all possessed.

"There are the Rapids," sed *Mister Wetherell*, as we all stopped to look at the water, rushin', and racin', and bubblin', and the little jagged rocks stickin' up through it like hyeny's teeth a-grinnin'. "Waal," sed I, "I guess it's named about right, for the water don't come very *slow*!" I wish you'd a-been there, *Miss Pettengill*! and you'd a-thought with me them Rapids were the beater, till you see *Niagary* itself. We crost the bridge, and come to some land, with a little house where they had another injin store inside—and there was a pair of bars beyond rite acrost the road, with a little gate at one eend for folks to go through. The bars was for the kerridges. I was ahead of *Ruth Ann* and her folks, and was walkin' along, when, all ter once, I was brought up standin' by a man, who sed, kinder perlite, but in airnest, "Madam, is your name entered?" "It will be, if I ken get through this gateway, mister," sed I, back; "though, if you're partickeler, I'd jest as lieves you'd know it *now*—*Miss Sophrony Ward*, of Bosc'wine, New Hampshire!" and upon that, I was goin' forrard agin, when sez he, bowin', "I beg your pardon, *Miss Ward*, but the gentleman has gone in to arrange it!" and then he didn't say no more. But *Ruth Ann*, she stepped up, and sez she, "You see, aunty, it's a regulation that each shall pay a quarter of a dollar, and register

their name in a book kept in there, and that entitles us to go upon Goat Island as often as we choose during our stay. Let's step into the store a minute!

Waal, we spent as much as a quarter of an hour in there, a-lookin' at the things—and I couldn't begin to tell you about 'em all! There were the handsomest fans, with little birds sewed onto 'em as natteral as life, and bead cushings, and lamp mats, and Injun moggersins, and baskets, and boxes, and watch-cases, and little tinty-tonty birch-bark canoes all worked with moose-hair—the purtiest and curisest things you could think of! and the purtiest *prices* to 'em, too; for they asked dredful dear. You can't *look* at ennything at Niagary unless you're expected to pay a quarter of a dollar for 't! But Mister Wetherell, he hurried us off; so we crost through the little gate onto Goat Island.

I can't begin to tell you what a nice place *that* was! The cleanest, wholesomest lookin' grass; the tallest, greenest trees; lots of great arbor-vity bushes growin' everywhere, and birds singin' as chirp as could be; and everything looked as cool and moist as though they'd been watered airly that mornin'. Jest then the sun come out, bright and warm, and lit up everything most splendid! There was a little house right at the fust edge of the island, where they sold cake, and candy, and things; and, rite in front of this, the paths branched off every way; and little guide-boards were stuck up at every turn and corner, so't people shouldn't get lost, nor miss of seein' all the sights at the Falls. Mister Wetherell, he said we'd take the right-hand path, which led to where we could get the best view of the American Falls; so we turned inter it, and purty soon, after walkin' a spell, and goin' down some sort of steps, come out close by the water.

I declare, *Miss* Pettengill, *that* was the *master!* I've seen consid'able water in my life—the Merrymack in a freshet, when all the bridges were kerried away between here 'n' Concord; and when we were on the journey out through York State, Mister Wetherell he pintoed out the falls where Sam Patch jumped off—a purty consid'able leap for a body unless he come to soft bottom!—but *this* beat everything! You see, the water, arter it tore down them Rapids over the rocks, jest gethered it-self all up, then split, and went over two great banks higher'n three or four meetin'-us

steeple a-top of each other. One of these banks was jest about in the shape of a great horse-shoe, and the other war'n't quite so distinct; but, puttin' the two together, that's what the Falls is likened to; and the way it tumbled over, and thundered, and splashed, and threw up the mist as thick as rain—I declare, I was glad enough to open my blue umberill, and jest set down to take a long look at things without gettin' soaked through as limber as a wet rag!

There was lots of people settin' on little benches built there, or standin' round and lookin' at the Falls; and I couldn't help noticing that none of the women had on good, sensible, dark travellin'-gowns, but they wore light ones, and capes all embroidered and finified off, a good deal fitter for a *party*'n climbin' round over wet rocks and along draggly paths with. There was one family—I couldn't help observin' 'em purty close the minnit I put my eye on 'em, and becos I see 'em arterwards, a-stoppin' at the same tavern with us. The man was stout and pompous lookin', high onto fifty, I should say—and his wife, mebbe, was ten year younger—and their darter, a likely-lookin' gal enough, but dredful peart and sassy, about eighteen or twenty, I should guess; and she was a-hangin' onter the arm of a tall, dandy feller, with his face all kivered with a regular underbrush of hair, whom I took, ter once, ter be her beau. The way them folks was rigged out was a caution! The men folks both wore great watch-chains a-danglin'; and the woman and her darter looked more as if they was a-goin' to a ball than out of doors a-walkin', with their gowns embroidered up to their knees, and gold watches, and bracelets, and jewelry enough to set up a store. And the gal kerried a little snipper-snapper *cane*, with a tossel hangin' from the eend of the handle; and she kept swingin' it back and forrids to attract attention! You look as if you didn't *believe* it, *Miss* Pettengill; but it's the gospil truth—that gal actooally kerried a *cane*, and she warn't the *only* one, neither, for I see half a dozen other women kerrying 'em, there at Niagary! Niece Ruth Ann, she smiled, and said how the French Empress Eugeny had lately set the fashion—she read it in the papers. “Waal,” sez I, “the news has got acrost the Atlantic Ocean mighty quick, seems to me; but I hope it won't get to be a common fashion here, or else there won't be a dry alder left in my

swamp to home, for all the Bosc'wine gals 'll be kerryin' 'em round, made into little tinty-tonty walkin' canes!" And I shouldn't wonder a bit if that Niagary gal heard me, or, mebbe, suspicioned I was thinkin' of *her*; for she kinder tossed up her head and whispered to her feller, and then they both looked towards me purty sassy, and she flirted off, with her little cane a-twirlin'.

Bimeby, arter I'd sot a spell admirin' the American Falls under my blue umberill, jest as safe as you'd feel ter home in yer own house in a heavy thunder shower, and Ruth Ann and her folks had picked some little sprigs of leaves a-growing rite on the edge and all wet with the water, to kerry home and press, Mister Wetherell, he led the way round to another path, where we could get the best sight of the Canady Falls; so I shet down my umberill and followed 'em. Why they should call the *biggest* fall the "*Canady*" one, is more'n I can see; becos, you know, the United States own half of the river right through *lengthways*, so 'f we've really got the *whole* of *one* falls and *half* of t' other, and then, seein' that all the rest of the big rivers and the lakes are ourn, Canady's welcome to the little piece of Niagary she can chip off at one corner! I believe in givin' *everybody* their due—English or Injun; but they shouldn't have an inch of land, or a bucket of water, more'n *belonged* to 'em to brag on, if I was President of the United States, and my name was Miss Sophrony Ward, of Bosc'wine, New Hampshire!

There, Miss Pettengill! I can't *begin* to tell you all about this ere Falls; but we walked along a path, and out acrost a little bridge built over the stones and runnin' water, and then up inter a tall stone buildin' they called "a tower," shaped jest like Bunker Hill Monymnt, on a small scale, with stairs windin' up round the inside like a corkscrew, and a platform round the outside most up to the top, where you could go out and stand, and see all the American side and over inter Canady inter the bargain.

When we got up there, *who* should we see amongst the crowd, but the folks we'd met afore—the fat, pompous man and his wife—and they *did* look dredful red and swetty, and the young gal and her whiskered beau! Somehow, that gal didn't seem ter take ter *me* at all—else my blue umberill didn't come up to her little cane—for, the minnit she see

me a-comin' up stairs, she pussud up her lips kind of scornfully, and tittered, and whispered to her feller, and then they both seemed to be enjoyin' theirselves amazingly. All on a sudden, a little arterwards, while Mister Wetherell and Ruthy Ann walked round ter the other side of the platform, the whiskered feller come up ter me, and sez he, a-bowin': "Ma'am, perceivin' that you have an air of antiquity about you, will you be so kind as to satisfy my curiosity whether this edyifice is constructed after the fashion of the tower of Babel?" and there he stood afore me jest as calm and sassy as if I was green enough to believe he warn't pokin' fun. "But," sez I ter myself, "yer don't skeer Sophrany Ward so easy, if she never was ter Niagary afore!" So I jest looked back as calm and perlite as he, and sez: "My young friend, I left my Bible in my room, number 21, up to the tavern; but I'll set down and wait here till you cango up and get it, or borry one of the landlord, seein' as how you ain't got any ter read yerself; and then, I should be glad to find the chapter for you, where it tells all about that buildin', arter which we can compare notes on the subjick!" I wish, to the land, you *could* a-seen that feller arter I answered him, Miss Pettengill! The folks round kinder laffed; and he never sed another word, but crept away, lookin' as if he'd been eatin' a big slice of humble pie; but the gal, I guess she didn't feel enny too clever towards me, neither!

Waal, arter that, we went down from the tower and walked round an hour or two on the island—turnin' this way and that through the paths to see all the sights—and goin' down a long pair of windin' stairs inter a little cubby hole of a house, where Ruth Ann and her husband dressed themselves in regular Bloomer clothes, and put oil silk caps onter their heads, and went in under the Falls inter a pitch-dark place called the "Cave of the Winds," where they had to have a guide and a lantern and pay a dollar apiece for the job. They coaxed me to go 'long of 'em; but sez I: "Niece Ruth Ann, you're crazy, to *think* of such a thing! But, if you're a mind to run the risk of gettin' the rheumatics in every bone and joint, and payin' money besides to hear the wind howl, when, enny November day you can hear it for *nothin'*, like all possessed, round the gable end of my old house to home in Bosc'wine, then you may; but *I've* got more sense!" so I jest sot down,

and waited for 'em to come out, expectin' nothin' but they'd have to suffer for't; but when they come back, they both declared they never felt better in their lives—though I had my doubts inside.

Waal, that finished the order of exercises for that day. Mister Wetherell, he sed we'd had jauntin' enough for one forenoon; and so we sot out for the tavern, as 'twas gettin' to be purty nigh dinner-time. Jest as we got nigh about to the bridge at the edge of the island—and Ruth Ann and her husband was walkin' on before, and I a-laggin' a little behind—who should I come up aginst, a-turnin' a corner of the path, but that same gal and feller agin, while her father 'n mother was on afore!

I was agoin' rite past 'em when the feller stopped, and sez he agin, in that kinder sassy way of his, sez he: "Ma'am, I beg your parding for troublin' you once more; but, since you seem to be a very well informed individooal, can you tell us where we shall be likely to find some of the anymals from whom this island derived its cognomen? for I have searched everywhere without success." "Waal, young man," sez I, back, "I guess you won't find *many* on 'em—leastways, I hev'n't met but *one* this mornin'!" lookin' him full rite inter his hairy face; for, jest then, it come acrost me like a flash where I'd seen his pieter afore, and that was in the old story-book about Alexander Selkirk, where he was a-playin' on his corn-stalk fiddle, and learnin' his goats to dance on the island of Juan Fernandez. I declare, *Miss Pettengill*, that answer of mine shet him up complete! You never see a feller so chop-fallen; and the gal she turned just as red as fire, and was mad enough to eat me up. But I never minded 'em no more 'n nothin' at all; but walked on, and overtook Ruth Ann and her husband afore they got home to the tavern.

Arter we'd got rested, we had our dinner. That is the great affair of the day at the Niagary tavern; and, I believe to the land, *Miss Pettengill*, that you and I, with all our bakin' and churnin', don't git *half* so beat out as them fashionable women do who live about at taverns, a-dressin' and a-fixin' for their meals. The way the silks, and laces, and ribbons, and jewelry, shone at the dinner table all the time I was there to Niagary, *did* seem to me a dreadful sin, these war times!

but then they say money was never plentier than now.

Jest as we was ready to go down stairs, Mister Wetherell, he come to wait upon us; and sez he, kinder smilin': "Waal, Aunt Sophrony, I've ascertained who the group are who attracted your attention out at the Falls this morning. They are Mister and Mrs. Shoddy and their daughter from New York, and the young whiskerands is Mister Julius Alonzo Greenback—worth several millions more or less, they say!" You see, he'd been and read their names in the book kept to the tavern, *Miss Pettengill*. "Do tell?" sez I. "I want to know if this is the Mister Shoddy that's been in the papers so much ever since the war fust broke out? Waal, if he's got such a large fortin' as you tell for, it's came by on-lawful and onrighteous specylation; and I only hope his riches'll take wings and fly away, as quick as the coats he makes for our poor soldiers drop off of their backs—and, if they do, he won't keep his family ter Niagary more'n a *week* longer, I reckon!" Mister Wetherell he laffed; and sed he guessed 'twant a very bad wish of mine; and Ruth Ann she said: "This *Miss Shoddy* must be the very woman she'd read about in the papers, who bought a set of diamond jewelry at Tiffany's in New York, and put 'em rite on afore she left the store," and then Mister Wetherell he laffed agin', and said, "in all probability she hadn't taken 'em off *sence*"—and by that time we'd got down stairs inter the long dinin'-hall.

When we were sot down to dinner, I looked over opposite, and there, t'other side of the table, down a little piece, I spied them very Shoddys agin, dressed out like kings and queens, and takin' on the greatest airs! I jest sot, and watched 'em kinder quiet, while the waiters was a-bringin' on the vittles. Mister Shoddy he was redder and pompouser 'n ever, and *Miss Shoddy* she had on the stiffest silk gown—'twould a-stood alone—jest the color of russet leather, and the blaziest bosom pin and ear nubs, almost as big and bright as the drops of the shandylier in the old South Meetin'-us in Bostin. I knew, in a minnit, they were the ones she bought in that great jewelry shop in New York. And the darter, she was finnified up in a flowered dress of some kind of silky stuff—Ruth Ann, she called it "grannydean"—and wore a great string of pearls round her neck, and a bracelet

to match; though, for all the world, they didn't look a bit better 'n the string of wax beads your Jemimy wore over to Kate Simpson's party last Fast night! But Ruth Ann, she said they were rale pearls, and very costly, and she knows all about sech things, becoss, you see, her daughter, Georgyanny's beau that was—her husband that is now—made Georgy a present of a beautiful pearl set of jewelry when they were married. A fust-rate husband he makes, too! They 've been married two year next Christmas. Mebbe you remember my tellin' you how they went together to the great ball the Bostin folks give to the Prince of Wales, when he paid a visit to their city?

But to go back to them Shoddys! You 'd a-laffed out—I *know* you would, *Miss* Pettengill—to see the airs that woman and her darter put on! You 'd a-thought they owned all Niagary and the Canady side, too, if you 'd seen 'em order round the waiters, and poke the vittles away from 'em as if 'twarn't as good as they had ter home. "Ten ter one," thinks I, as I watched 'em, "that woman was a milliner's 'prentice when she was a gal, and most likely done her own housework till this war broke out, and her husband got rich by cheatin' government in a contract!" Such kind of folks *allers* make a fuss when they step out of their own element. And that young man—it done me good to see him try and eat with them whiskers, and moustachers, and goatees a-tanglin' about his mouth. If I 'd a-been his mother or his gardeen, afore he sot out on his journey I 'd a clipped him closer 'n we shear our sheep in June. I *do* like to see a clean, respectable face on a man! It looks as if he 'd got more hair 'n brains, when he kivers it up with so much underbrush.

It was the greatest *dinner* I ever sot down to! There were lots of curis dishes, with outlandish, Frenchified names printed on the little newspaper they had to let you know what they 'd got cooked; and when I could git a chance at the waiters for them Shoddy people, I called for all the foreignest ones, jest to see what they tasted like. But la, *Miss* Pettengill, you, 'n I, 'n ennybody else, could manufacture *jest* sech dishes, if we chopped the ingredients all into mincemeat, and then dressed 'em off with green leaves, and put on a few ornyments, and finnified 'em up with a French or Latin name! 'Twas

more in the *way* they were cooked than *what* they were made of! Before dinner was half over, I hated the sight of them Shoddys! They called for everything, and then didn't finish up eatin' nothin', and sent off their plates every two or three minnits for clean ones. I should like to hev that Shoddy gal spend a week with the Shakers over to Canterbury, who hev a rule, you know, that a body shan't take out more 'n they want to eat, and shall leave nothin' on their plate. Some folks imagine it looks as if they was used to everything, to make all the trouble they can; but 'pinions don't agree on *that* pint.

There was a young lady—and her father, I s'posed, a fine lookin' old gentleman, who sat jest opposite me; and she was a *rale* lady, too, I knew, the minnit I set my eye on her. She looked so purty and neat, in her plain, nice dress, and wore no jewelry except a bosom pin, and a little gold watch, more for use than show, and only one ring that sparkled every time she lifted her white hand, though the diamond stone warn't half so large as the Shoddy gal's, and her lace collar was soff and fine as a cobweb round her slender white neck. I couldn't help hearkening when she give her orders to the waiters, and she spoke as soft and low as the South wind when it blows over my bed of lady's delights in the garden; and there warn't a thing in her manner that said "I'm better 'n the rest of the folks here at Niagary!" I felt dredful curis to know *who* they were; and, to satisfy me, Mister Wetherell, he found out they were Judge Lorimer and his darter—the old judge bein' one of the highest and wealthiest lawyers in the country. I tell you, *Miss* Pettengill, I hev'n't seen but a small part of the United States, lettin' alone the rest of the world; but I can tell a *rale* lady from a *sham* one, the very minnit I put my eye on her; and them two gals, who set side by side at that table, warn't no more to be compared, than coarse, unbleached cotton, and the finest linen lawn. And I can tell *another* thing, too, which you may put down for Gospel truth—this war's goin' to turn out a whole flood of *Shoddys* on the country—folks who git rich at cheatin' government, and wrongin' our poor, brave soldiers, and then set themselves up to dress and travel, and spend money in that reckless kind of way, that shows they never were in the habit of havin' ennything afore. To tell the truth, I see so many flounces and flutings,

and gores and trails, and diamonds and gold bracelets, and lace ends and lappets, and embroidered things at Niagary, that it did seem good to look down at my plain black bombazine gown, that only cost me a dollar and ninepence a yard, doublin' width, over to Concord, before prices riz so, these dreadful war times! Ruth Ann, too, *shesed* she should tell her dressmaker to make all her dresses without a bit of trimmin', only hooks and eyes the rest of her life, though Mister Wetherell—he 's the master hand for *fun*—he declared "he should go to New York on his way home, and hev all his pantaloons and coats trimmed round with *flutin'*, so 's to be in fashion afore he went back to Bostin."

Waal, time passed, and we staid two weeks at Niagary; and most every day we went off to some place or other, either walkin' or ridin'. There was the Whirlpool—just like the Maelstrom in the gography books off the coast of Norway, only not so big, of course—and the great Suspension Bridge that 's all a-teter when the railroad keers go over it—and lots of other places 'to see; but I must tell you particelarly about the visit we paid to the Canady side one day, over to Table Rock.

It was a long spell afore Ruth Ann and her husband could get me to trust myself in a little boat on the rushin', tumblin' Niagary river; but at last I give in, and we sot out. In the fust place, we had to go down the high, steep bank of the river, and there was a little slantin' railroad, with a keer shaped exactly like a sleigh that was let down and brought up by a ropeturnin' on a windlass; but I felt kinder skittish about trustin' myself to sech an on-sartin method of conveyance, and so walked down a long pair of stairs that clean tuckered me out. Then we got inter the boat—Mister Wetherell, Ruth Ann, and I, and the man that rowed—and sot sail for the Canady shore. You see, the river run so rapid, and we warn't more 'n forty rods below the Falls, that we couldn't cross in a straight line; so we went, fust up, and then down, and in that way we come out safe on the shore opposite where we 'd started from.

That Canady side was the rockiest, misera-blest place I ever *did* see, Miss Pettengill! You might a-took the foundations for a dozen cities out of the rocks layin' round loose jest where we landed, and then had so many left they wouldn't 'a' been missed. We clim' up the steep bank a piece, and come out in a

kind of road; and then Mister Wetherell, he hired a man, who was waitin' there with a kerridge, to kerry us over to Table Rock, which was consid'able ways off; and so we rid along, past two or three taverns where the English people stop when they come to Niagary. Everybody who's ever heerd of the Falls, has heard of Table Rock—but I *must* say, Miss Pettengill, I was *disappointed*! 'Twa'n't a speck more 'n four or five times bigger 'n my flat front-door step; though, they say, it keeps crumblin' away and fallin' down—and of course, bimeby, there won't be nothin' left. We staid a spell, and then were comin' away, when an old, lame English soldier who 'd got wounded in the war of eighteen hundred 'n twelve up on the Canady lines, and who sot there, sunnin' himself on a bench close by, got to talkin' with Mister Wetherell, and sez he: "There 's a countryman of yours stoppin' over to the Clifton House, sir!" pointin' off to a tavern that sot some ways distant on the high ground. "Ah!" sez Mister Wetherell, lookin' round ter me and smilin', and sayin', "Do you hear *that*, Aunt Sophrony?" and I knew he said so jest to hear what answer I 'd make to the Englisher. "Waal," sez I back, "I can't say I admire his taste, becos, for my own part, I should prefer stoppin' on the side where I should feel the most to home; not but what I like to set foot *once* on Queen Victory's soil, jest to hev it to tell on ter home, seein' as how I journeyed once all the way from Bosc'wine, New Hampshire, down to Bostin, to see the young Prince of Wales, when he came over in a sociable way to pay our folks a visit."

"And did you *see* him?" asked the old soldier, brightenin' up. "Yes," sez I back. "And what 's more, I had a long set-down with him; and Albert Edard behaved like a gentleman, too, and made me a present of this very ring you see on my finger!" a-holdin' it up; for you see, Miss Pettengill, I 'd been vain enough to put that ring on when I sot out on my journey. The old Englisher, he looked kinder as if he didn't exactly believe me; but Mister Wetherell, he spoke up jest then, and sez he: "It 's a *fact*, my good sir! Your young Prince actooally bestowed the ring upon this lady at the Revere House, Bostin, at her visit to him three year next October—and you can perceive the royal crest upon it!" And when I showed it to him, there were several of our American folks, be-

sides some few Englishers standin' by, who come nigher to get a sight at it. I *did* feel kinder pleased jest then, *Miss Pettengill*! but I didn't show enny vanity, but went on askin' about this countryman of ourn, who was a-puttin' up at the Canady tavern instead of his own side of the Falls. When I mentioned him again, the old soldier kinder twinkled his eye, and sez he: "Waal, you see, I expect he wouldn't exactly feel *ter home* amongst his own folks jest now, that's all!" "Not feel *ter home*! Then he's either a *thief* or a *secessioner*!" sez I, right out, "and I don't know which's the *wust*!" And, upon that, so fur as I could judge of people's *thoughts* by their *faces*, I kinder guessed all present, Americans and Englishers, seemed to agree with me; and the old soldier he smiled, kinder scornful like, and sez: "Mebbe you ain't very wide of the mark, madam!" while Mister Wetherell whispered: "That's right, aunty! stand by your flag on British soil!" jest as pleased as a school-boy to see me so spunky. I couldn't help freein' my mind about that secessioner afore I come away from the Canady side. "Waal," sez I, "though I *hev* been hand-in-glove with the Prince of Wales, and wear his ring on my finger, I should be dreadful kinder ashamed to come sneakin' to his country arter a home I'd forfeited in *my own*! And though your folks over here are born under British rule—and they say Queen Victory's goin' to give up her crown one day to Albert Edard, now he's settled down inter a young merried man—I don't believe there's *one* of you that's mean enough to betray your country and then sneak over inter the United States for protection?" I couldn't help speakin' out plain, *Miss Pettengill*; and there warn't a man of 'em but took off his hat and give three rousin' cheers; and I jest stood still, like the statoot of female American liberty on Table Rock, while they done it.

Waal, arter that, we went back acrost the river, and up to our tavern agin. Somehow or other, it leaked out—mebbe through some of them folks 'twas over to Table Rock with us that day—that I'd been on purty intimate terms with the futur King of England when he was on his visit to this country—and the boarders to the tavern begun to grow dreadful perlite to me and anxious to make my acquaintance. Mister Wetherell, he sed I was the lioness of Niagary—he's a powerful hand to jokin', you see—but all I had to say then—

and I say the same *now*—was, that, if folks was a mind to run arter me jest becos of that ere sarcumstance of my havin' a little sociable talk with the Prince, they mite do it and welcome! It never made a spee of difference to me! I was jest as calm as a clock, and as onconsarned as if I'd been hand-in-glove with kings 'n queens all my life. Jest as if that young Albert Edard was a bit cleverer; or likelier-lookin' than my Arty to home here in Bosc'wine, a-kerryin' on the old place; but then, as I told the Prince himself that time, *one* happened to be born *Victory's* son, and *the other* didn't!

But the beater was, them *Shoddy* folks actooally turned round and tried to git introduced to me! and *Miss Shoddy*, she was dredful good and perlite, and invited me to take a ride in her kerridge, and told me all about her great house on Fifth Avynew in New York, and showed me all her jewelry; and, one day, what do you think she done, but sent a little note over to my room, "to beg her dear *Miss Ward* would be so kind as to lend her her *ring* the Prince had given her, to wear to a great party called 'a hop' they were a-goin' to hev at the tavern that evenin'?" I declare, *that* riz me! I was purty consid'able riled, I tell you, *Miss Pettengill*! To think that Shoddy woman wanted to make a great spread on a borried ring; and, jest as likely's not, pass me off for some of *her* relations! Mebbe she was mistook in the pairson! I sent her back a very perlite note—Ruth Ann she writ it for me—sayin' "I should be glad to obleege her; but I was purty sure the ring wouldn't fit her finger!" I told Ruth Ann "Mebbe she'd 'hop' when she got it, if she didn't in the evenin'," and rarely I ixpected nothin' but what she'd be offish like when I met her next time; but, if she felt it inside, she never showed it out, but appeared jist as amiable as afore. And you *would* a-laffed, *Miss Pettengill*, to a-seen how perlite her darter and that young Mister Greenback was to me all the time the other folks was! Jest as though I'd forgot our little spells of talk togeth'er down by the Falls; but I allers make up my mind not to harbor ennything aginst folks when they show a desire to treat me with proper respek arterwards. It don't seem to show a Christian sperrit, in *my* way of thinkin', to lay up hard feelins—though, to be sure, you ain't obleeged to be dredful thick and sociable with folks you don't like,

and purtend you love 'em to death, when, jest as likely 's not, you 're all the time wishin' 'em further! Leastways, 'taint *my* way of doin'!

But, the land sakes! how the time does go! Five o'clock in the arternoon, as I live, and I hev'n't got done *yet* a-tellin' you about my visit to Niagary! Seems as if you could see the days grow shorter arter *September* sets in, don't it, *Miss Pettengill*? Wait a minnit till I put the tea-kittle on; and then I'll finish up my story!

Arter that, we didn't stay much longer to the Falls. Ruth Ann and her folks they 'd seen all the sights; and Mister Wetherell he was beginnin' to git anxious about his bizness, worritten for fear his pardner and the clerks shouldn't git along well without him. I never see the beat of these Bostin bizness men! They never feel to home unless they're in the store. You jest put one of them on Juan Fernandez' desylate island, and he'll go and build a store, and fix it up, and git a set of account books, and keep debt and credit with all the anymals he's tamed, for want of a better lot of customers. I told Mister Wetherell so, and it made him laff rale hearty—and he sed I was 'bout right, he guessed—and, for his part, he should feel purty safe in them kind of operations, 'specially the *banks* which couldn't burst up, unless 'twas a *sand* bank caved in, and then he could draw on another.

So we packed up, and bid the folks good-by—and that Shoddy woman actooally kissed me, and give me a partickeler invitation to pay her a visit some time in New York—and sot out back for Bostin. Mister Wetherell he was jest as tickled as a boy to git back to his store agin. Arter that, when I'd got rested, Georgyanny and her husband they went off for a journey to the White Hills; and so I thought 'twould be an excellent chance to hev company back to Bose'wine. Ruth Ann she came up, too, for a fortnit, to get a breath of the old Granite State air, she sed; and I do believe she enjoyed every minnit she staid here. Bimeby, Georgy 'n her husband they come back by way of Concord; and then they all went home to Bostin together.

At fust, I felt consid'able oneasy and lonesome, come to settle down arter jauntin' round so and seein' so much company; but, arter a spell, I got back inter my old tracks; and now, I feel jest as much ter home agin, *Miss Pettengill*, as though I never'd been to pay a visit to the great Niagary!

MEMORY.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

BORNE on the stream of time,
Sweet thoughts of former days
Come thronging with harmonious chime,
When memory doth raise
The floodgates of my early years—
A varied stream of smiles and tears.

Friends whom I dearly loved,
Thoughts that my spirit fired,
Bright hopes which faithless visions proved,
Sweet joys long since expired,
All from their ashes rise again,
Like living things within my brain.

And come dark sorrows too;
Tears shed long years ago
Arise once more and dim my view,
Phantoms of bitter woe,
Dim shadows of what once was keen
When frost first nipped my youthful green.

The fire-sting of pain
Knows sharp yet transient strife;
Sorrows which in the spirit flame
Expire but with life.
Oh, could sad Lethe's waters roll,
And pour oblivion o'er the soul!

But ah, a sudden gleam
Of life's first, brightest part,
Like oil flows on the troubled stream
Of sorrow in my heart;
As when fair Luna's silver light
Breaks through the clouds and wakes the night.

BIRD SONGS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

BIRDS in the nest! birds in the nest!
They sung me a song so rare,
That my heart kept time to the merry tune,
While I listened there in that sunny June,
Abroad in the dreamy air.

Many a time! many a time!
When Spring came down to earth,
I had heard the far-off mystical chime
Of songs that seemed in my heart to rhyme,
As the bright birds gave them birth.

With a gentle tread! with a gentle tread!
My childhood wandered by;
The thoughts that so oft were left unsaid
Are laid away with the buried dead,
But the bird-songs never die.

Still the summers come! the summers go!
But the song I heard that day,
Standing and watching the river's flow,
As it danced in the light far down below,
And silently drifted away,

Ever and ever, when day is over,
Comes with a happy dream,
While Faith, and Hope, and Love once more
Lift their glad wings to the water's roar,
And toss back its dewy gleam.

A FEW FRIENDS.

BY KORMAN LYNN.

FOURTH EVENING.

It was quite refreshing to witness the cordial greeting vouchsafed by Benjamin Stykes to Lieutenant Hunter on the occasion of the fourth meeting of the Child-again Society. Interesting, also, to the philosophical mind, as proving a nice distinction in social ethics, viz., a man viewed in the arena of rival lovership, and the same person considered as possible future brother-in-law, are two very different individuals; so, at least, it was demonstrated to Ben. The conceited puppy with the brass buttons of their last meeting now became a fine, spirited fellow, who looked remarkably well in his uniform (which, *entre nous*, would not have been displayed quite so generously, had the wearer been a major-general instead of first lieutenant); and the evident affection with which Mary regarded the gallant warrior now served but to develop further beauty in her character.

"I only hope," thought Ben, "that neither of them noticed what a stupid jackanapes I made of myself on that charade-evening—though I strongly suspect that shrewd little Teresa Adams understood the whole case, and tried to sustain the delusion." These shadowy thoughts were, however, soon chased away by the sunshine of Mary Gliddon's presence; and as her frank glance fell upon Ben, never revealing in its crystal depths any knowledge of his distracted feelings, the youth soon settled into a state of beatific peace, from which nothing but the consciousness that, for the nonce, he must be a "child again" could arouse him.

After an hour of lively small talk among the youthful members, and very ponderous big talk among the older ones, smothered for a while by a dashing solo by Miss Pundaway, Ben was sufficiently himself again to propose what he termed the grand hair-splitting, brain-straining game of "YES AND NO!"

Mr. Simmons, after glancing uneasily at his majestic spouse, ventured to ask what that was.

The Chairman replied: "It is, in my opinion, an improvement upon the game of 'Twenty Questions,' which, you are doubt-

less all aware, has for some time been a favorite in distinguished circles in Europe. The great Canning was very fond of it, and many of the leading men of our day are not ashamed to frequently tread its pleasant labyrinths. That game, you may remember, requires that one of the party mentally select a subject, and the others, dividing the twenty questions allowed between them, proceed, by a skilful cross-examination, to discover the thing chosen. If ordinarily quick-witted, they seldom fail, for the holder of the thought is bound to answer truthfully. One drawback to this method is that generally the game is marred by a few stunningly leading questions such as—How do you spell it? What is it? But with YES AND NO there is no such difficulty. Shall we try it?"

"Will our worthy brother please to explain further before we commit ourselves?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Certainly! For the benefit of new members I will state it more fully. One person must leave the room, while those who remain proceed to select a 'subject'—any well-known person, place, thing, or event, for instance. As soon as this is decided upon, the banished party is summoned, and he or she must then try to discover what particular thing, locality, or action has been chosen, by asking a question of every person present in turn, and receiving an honest reply from each. These answers are, however, limited to three forms, either 'Yes,' 'No,' or 'I do not know.' No other reply can on any account be allowed. If the questioner does not arrive at the solution by the time he reaches the last person, he can go the rounds again."

"Do people *ever* guess it?" asked Miss Pundaway, innocently.

"Certainly they do," responded the Chairman, benignly, "or, rather, they discover the 'subject' on logical principles. Guessing at all is rather out of order in this game," he added, with an expression of mock profundity.

The Lieutenant arose.

"I move that our honored spokesman open the performances by leaving the apartment himself."

"Always obey my superior officers," replied Ben, gayly, as he vanished at a side door.

"Give him *me*," said Captain Gliddon, in a stage whisper, looking mysteriously around at the company—hitting his breast emphatically as he spoke.

This was agreed upon, and as soon as the company were properly seated, Mr. Stykes was called in.

There is no denying the fact that Ben did not look quite as confident upon entering as when in his easy way he was explaining the game. There was even a slight tremor in his tone as he accosted the lady seated nearest the entrance with—

"Is the 'subject' you have chosen an event, or is it an article of any kind?"

"No," laughed the lady.

"Ah, pardon me; my question was wrongly framed! Is the subject an article of any kind?"

"Yes; a very *definite* article."

Captain Gliddon, who was next in turn, looked conscious, and complained that the answer was "not in order."

"You are right," said Ben, bowing apologetically to the lady, "nothing is allowed but 'Yes,' 'No,' or 'I don't know.' And now is this an ornamental article?"

The Captain hesitated with a mock show of bashfulness, and half a dozen ladies answered for him.

"Yes!"

Grown wiser by the laugh that followed, and remembering the Captain's nautical career, Ben asked No. 4 if this "article" had ever been to sea.

"Do you call that a 'logical deduction?'" asked Miss Pundaway, archly. "I call it guessing."

"I stand corrected," said Ben; "but the 'subject' betrayed himself. Come, Captain, you must pay the penalty of your indiscretion, and take a turn in the hall."

The Captain demurred, shaking his head resolutely: "I appeal to the company," he insisted, "whether friend Stykes is not bound in honor to try again."

Poor Ben was instantly overwhelmed with a chorus of "Certainly!" Scarcely had he closed the door after him, when every brain was taxed to find some impossible subject wherewith to puzzle the amiable youth.

At last a certain article well known in English literature was settled upon.

The person dispatched to summon Ben turned, before he opened the door, to say, with an inquiring glance around the room:—

"It was *linen*, I suppose?"

"Oh, of course!" answered two or three; "we must take that for granted." And Mr. Pipes sagely observed that its being the gift of an Egyptian made the fact doubly certain, as the Egyptians were always celebrated for their purple and fine linen.

As Mr. Pipes looked at Mary Gliddon for corroboration, she ventured to remark that she thought the article was made of *silk*.

"O yes, so it was!" exclaimed one of the ladies; "don't you remember the Moor, in speaking of it, says—

'The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk.'"

This settled the matter.

Enter Ben, who proceeded to business with the air of a man who had determined to do his duty for once.

1st Question. Have you selected an event?

No.

Is it something that belongs to either of the three natural kingdoms?

Yes.

To the mineral kingdom?

No.

To the animal?

Yes.

Is it an animal or part of an animal?

No.

Manufactured from an animal substance?

Yes.

Is it one of its kind—famous in itself?

Yes.

In the world at present?

No.

Was it in the world before the Christian era?

No.

Before the 15th century?

No.

Before the 18th?

No.

During the present century then, of course, mused Ben, sure that he had settled one point at least.

No! volunteered a voice that thrilled him, simply because it was Mary Gliddon's.

No? exclaimed Ben. Has it *ever* been in the world, then?

No.

Ah, now I begin to see daylight! It is an

imaginary article then. Is the type of this imaginary article *used* by mankind?

Yes.

By womankind also?

Yes.

Has this mythical article ever been written about?

Yes.

By a sacred writer?

No.

By an ancient writer?

No.

By any of those Elizabethan fellows?

Yes.

By Lord Bacon, Spenser, Suckling, Beaumont and Fletcher, Herbert, or Drayton?

No.

By Shakspeare then? (Why didn't I think of him before, I wonder!)

Yes.

Does it figure in one of his comedies?

No.

Tragedies?

Yes.

"Let me see," soliloquized Ben; "so far I have learned that it is a useful article, or would have been if real, manufactured from an animal substance, figuring in one of Shakspeare's tragedies. Ah, I have it! Is it a small article?"

"Yes," answered Teresa.

"It is Juliet's glove!" exclaimed Ben, seating himself in order to rest, *à la* Hercules, from his labors, never doubting that he had given the true solution.

"But it's *not* Juliet's glove," returned Teresa.

Nothing daunted, Ben sprang to his feet. "Well, did this article in the play belong to a lady?"

"Yes—no," was the conscientious reply.

The question was repeated to the next in turn and answered in the affirmative.

Was it an article of dress? (Ben should have asked that question before.)

Yes.

Woollen?

No.

Silk?

Yes.

Was it a large garment?

No.

Worn on the head, neck, or arms?

No.

On the body?

No.

On the feet or hands?

No.

Ben looked distressed. An article of dress and not worn on the head, body, feet, or hands—

Was it *carried* in the hand?

Yes.

It's queer. I don't remember a fan in one of Shakspeare's tragedies.

Suddenly a bright thought struck the questioner; still he would not risk a *guess*, after so carefully sifting the answers.

Does it appear in Othello?

Yes.

"Was there 'magic in the web of it,' Miss Gliddon?"

Mary faltered out a faint "Yes," amid the laughter and applause of the company.

"DESDEMONA'S HANDKERCHIEF! I have it at last. The rule of the game is that the last person questioned shall 'go out,' and the triumphant Ben, taking her hand, pointed majestically to the door.

The young man was of course supported by an overwhelming majority; and Mary soon stood in the hall laughing in advance at the failure she was about to make.

They gave her as a subject Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak of muddy notoriety, and though the young lady was not quite as direct in her questioning as lawyer Stykes, her native wit was of great service to her on the trying occasion. As soon as she had discovered that it was a veritable garment worn by an English gentleman, famous in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, her sparkling eyes betrayed her knowledge of the right answer even while, "for logic's sake," she asked a few more questions so as to fasten the final query upon the Lieutenant.

"Was this garment ever trodden by royal feet?"

"Yes."

"Sorry to disturb you, Sir Walter," said Mary, laughing at the rueful countenance of her step-brother, "but we must request you to leave the presence."

The Lieutenant, after a mighty struggle, succeeded in winning the "Battle of Waterloo" from the reticent party—and subsequently Teresa Adams electrified the company by guessing "The Pyramid of Cheops."

Never once, through all the varied questioning, and oftentimes perplexed answers, did the

interest of the company flag. On the contrary, "YES AND NO" was pronounced a great success, worthy the highest approval of the Society. All agreed that, while it called forth indirectly a great deal of information for the general benefit, it was extremely entertaining, and well calculated to develop the thinking powers of the players.

By subsequent practice the "Few Friends" became very expert in the game—able, as Mrs. Simmons eloquently expressed it, "to start in boundless space, with all nature, art, and history before them, and gradually work their way to a given point."

The more they practised "Yes and No," the more they enjoyed it, and carrying it to their own firesides (*i. e.* furnace-registers) found it a valuable acquisition to their home pleasures. They were, of course, always careful in suiting the class of "subjects" chosen to the capacity of the questioners. For instance, it would have been cruel to give "King Arthur's Sword, Excalibar" as a subject for Mr. Simmons; while the "Bastile," "George Washington," and "Central Park" would surely fall within his range of information. Friend Anna, for instance, who was noted for her classic attainments, guessed correctly "The Pebbles that Demosthenes practised with," and "The Golden Apples of the Hesperides," though, to be sure, there was some little bungling and merriment over the answering; yet the same subjects given to another might have occasioned only pain and embarrassment. In short, when conducted with good taste and kind feeling, "Yes and No," is the very prince of innocent and intellectual games.

DISSUASIVES FROM DESPONDENCY.

If you are distressed in mind—live; serenity and joy may yet dawn upon you. If you have been happy and cheerful—live; and diffuse that happiness to others. If misfortunes assail you by the faults of others—live; you have nothing wherewith to blame yourself. If misfortunes have arisen from your own misconduct—live; and be wiser in future. If you are indigent and helpless—live; the face of things, like the renewing seasons, may happily change. If you are rich and prosperous—live; and enjoy what you possess. If another has injured you—live; the crime will bring its own punishment. If you have

injured another—live; and recompense good for evil. If your character be unjustly attacked—live; and you may see the aspersions disproved. If the reproaches be well founded—live; and deserve them not in future. If you be eminent and applauded—live; deserve the honors you have acquired. If your success be not equal to your merit—live; in thoughtfulness and humility. If you have been negligent and useless in society—live; and make amends. If you have been industrious and active—live; and communicate your improvement to others. If you have spiteful enemies—live; and disappoint their malevolence. If you have kind and faithful friends—live, to protect them. If you have been wise and virtuous—live, for the benefit of mankind. If you hope for immortality—live; and prepare to enjoy it. If you ever expect to reach the mansions above, don't quarrel with your minister about everything being foreordained, but love everybody, whether they be enemies or not, and above all, put your trust in Him who will never desert His children in their hour of need, if they call upon Him in sincerity and love.

THE WIFE.

A DELICATE attention to the minute wants and wishes of a wife tends, perhaps, more than anything to the promotion of domestic happiness. It requires no sacrifices, occupies but a small degree of attention, yet is the fertile source of bliss; since it convinces the object of your regard that, with the duties of a husband, you have united the more punctilious behavior of a lover. These trivial tokens of regard certainly make much way in the affections of a woman of sense and discernment, who looks not to the value of the gifts she receives, but perceives in their frequency a continued evidence of the existence and ardor of that love on which the superstructure of her happiness has been erected. To preserve unimpaired the affections of her associate, to convince him that in his judgment of her character, formed antecedently to marriage, he was neither blinded by partiality nor deluded by artifice, will be the study of every woman who consults her own happiness and the rules of Christian duty. The strongest attachment will decline, if it suspect that it is received with diminished warmth.

NOVELTIES FOR AUGUST.

ADOLPHE COAT, BONNETS, COIFFURES, ETC. ETC.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1. *The Adolphe Coat*.—Our illustration of this very novel and stylish garment so clearly depicts the arrangement of it that an explanation is scarcely necessary. In Paris,

both low and high coats have been much worn, and for high dresses we predict the fashion will be a favorite one. Our diagram consists of seven pieces—1. The front. 2. The back.

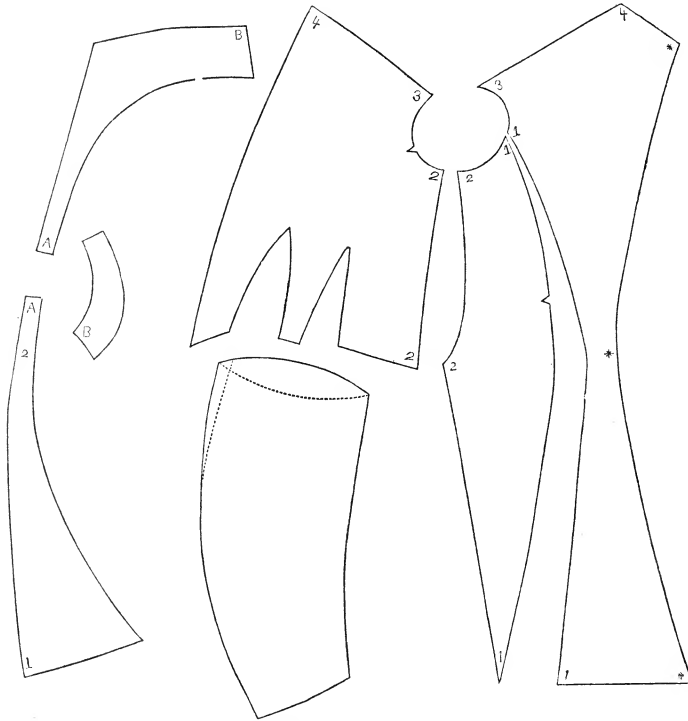


DIAGRAM OF ADOLPHE COAT.

3. The side-piece that fits into the back. 4. The sleeve. 5. The revers for the front of bodice. 6. The revers for the basque or tail behind. 7. The collar. A row of tiny holes on the sleeve indicates the upper and under portion, the smallest piece being for the under part. For a very elegant garment the revers should be in white silk, strapped with black velvet, but if required for a more useful style silk the same as the dress, or black silk, may be employed. The front of the coat is like a dress bodice, open a little in front, and ornamented with a revers which is carried round under the arms and ends in the revers on the basque. A tiny collar finishes the top of the dress behind and *just meets* the revers in front. The back is shown with 3 stars, indicating the centre. The side-piece is numbered 1, to correspond with Fig. 1 on the back. The front is numbered 2 under the arm, and fits into the side-piece to the corresponding Fig. 2. The revers for back is numbered 1, and must be placed exactly over the figures 1 of side-piece and back. The front revers joins at the two letters *A* to the back revers, and the collar meets the revers at *B*.

Fig. 2 is a bonnet of white chip, with loose crown of spotted tulle: all round the upper edge of crown is a band of plaid ribbon, and on the top part of crown is a half diamond of tulle, edged with the plaid ribbon, and a chenille fringe to match the plaid. The curtain is of white lace, and has in the centre a small square of plaid ribbon, edged at the bottom and sides by chenille fringe. The strings are of white silk, and the cap is of blonde or tulle, and is trimmed with roses, rose-buds, and bluets.

Fig. 3 is a Mousquetaire hat of Leghorn or white straw. Round the hat is a scarf of blue ribbon, with a large bow and long fringed ends at the back; in front is a rosette of black and white speckled feathers, surrounded by an edging of blue flowers or bluets. The brim is edged with black velvet.

Fig. 4 is a black crinoline bonnet, with loose crown of white spotted tulle; the crown is divided from the bonnet by a shaped piece of pink silk, edged at the bottom with a narrow black velvet and a jet fringe, and having in the centre a group of white roses, rose-buds, and a few tufts of grass; the front edge

Fig. 2.

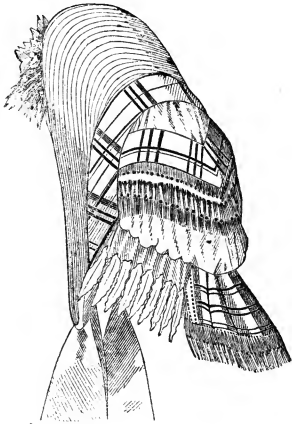


Fig. 3.

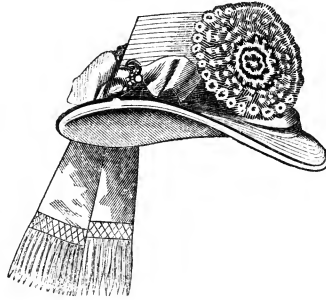


Fig. 4.

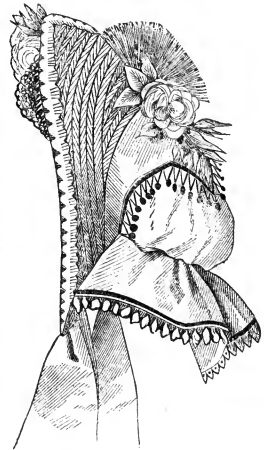


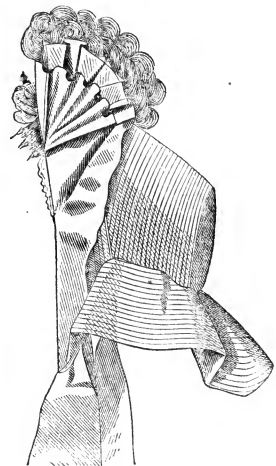
Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



of bonnet is finished by a narrow guipure lace turned back. The curtain is of pink silk, edged with a black velvet and jet fringe; the strings are of pink silk, and the cap is of blonde or tulle, trimmed with white roses, buds, and a few fullings of black lace.

Fig. 5 is a dress bonnet, composed entirely of fullings of white tulle, those on the crown being formed into a species of *bouillons*, divided lengthwise at intervals by small artificial pearls; at the top of front, rather towards the left side, is a group of green leaves, with a tuft of white silk or feathers; the curtain is formed of broad white lace. The strings are of white silk, and the cap is of blonde, trimmed at top with a group of large white flowers.

Fig. 6 is an elegant bonnet of white chip,

with loose crown of spotted net; the crown is separated from the front of bonnet by a black velvet, edged with black lace; at the top of this is a small bow of black velvet, with a group of roses and rose-buds; the front edge is bound with black velvet, close to which are two rows of narrow black velvet. The strings are white, and the curtain is covered with black lace, and has a bow and long ends of black velvet at the back. Cap of blonde, trimmed with roses and buds.

Fig. 7 is a Leghorn bonnet; the front edge trimmed with a shaped piece of maize silk, plaited like a fan towards the top; at the top is a plume of maize ostrich feathers. Strings of maize silk, and blonde cap with a few roses and rose-buds.

Fig. 8.



Fig. 8.—A coat for summer wear. This is | seams with puffings of the same, embroidery,
made of muslin, and ornamented upon the | and Valenciennes edging.

Fig. 9.

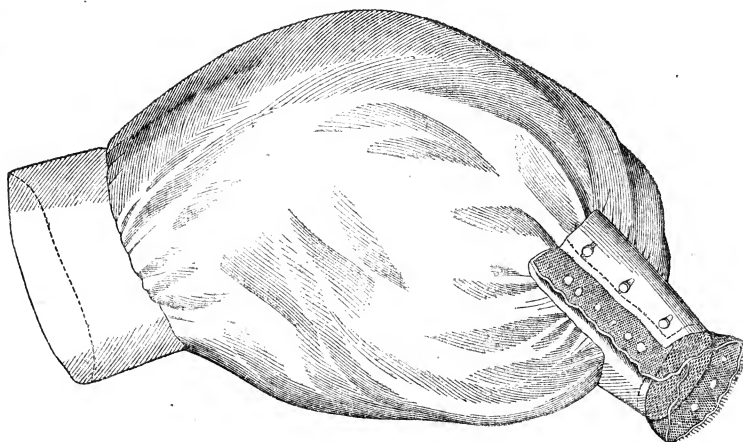


Fig. 10.

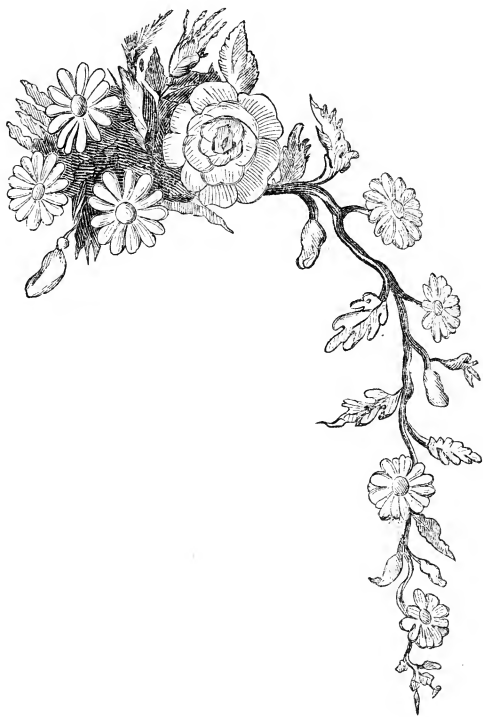


Fig. 11.



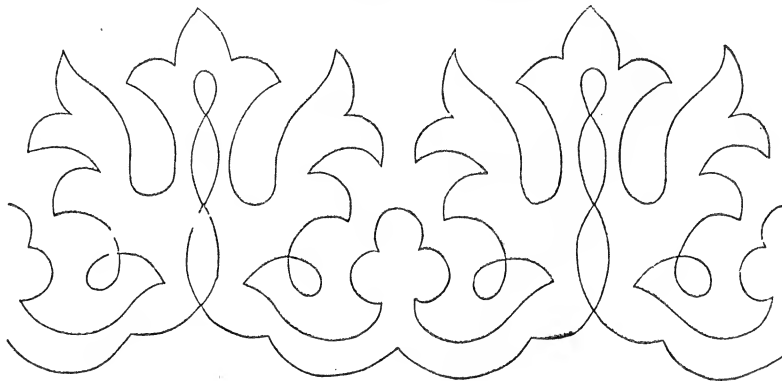
Fig. 9.—Fashionable sleeve.

Fig. 10.—Half wreath, composed of crimson roses, white flowers, and foliage.

Fig. 11.—A coiffure composed of scarlet velvet, spun glass, a white flower, and a gilt butterfly.

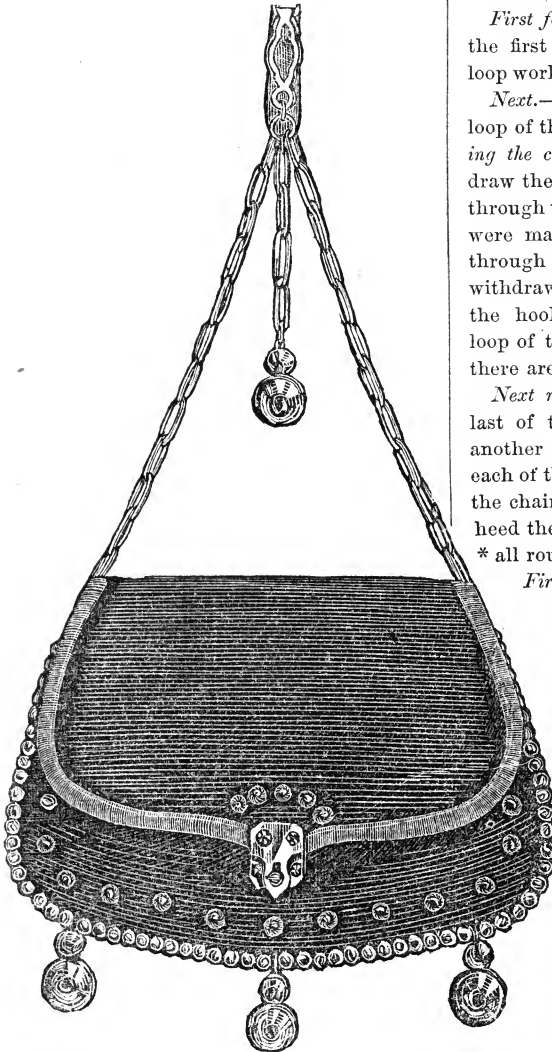
 NEW BRAIDING PATTERN.

PREPARED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF W. CAMERON,
No. 22S North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.



THE MARGUERITE POUCH, OR AUMONIERE.

Our pattern is in dark blue velvet, lined with white silk. The ornaments, the lock and chain, are in steel. The velvet may be worked with a pattern in braiding or beads, the stars with steel beads, the steel hanging ornaments replaced by tassels made with steel beads, and the chain by a blue velvet ribbon



embroidered with the same. Pouches of this description are very much worn made of leather, and in this material correspond well with the leather trimmings and waistbands

now so much in vogue. They make a pretty finish to a linsey dress.

PATTERN FOR A TIDY OR COUNTERPANE.

(See engraving, page 111.)

Materials.—Cotton, No. 6. Steel hook sufficiently large to carry the cotton.

To be worked in stripes. Each thick pattern consists of three squares, which are afterwards to be sewed together.

First for the Foundation.—Make 4 ch, unite the first with the last loop; then in every loop work 2 dc (8 in all).

Next.—* 2 ch, 8 double long in the first loop of the next dc (*these are made by first twisting the cotton twice over the hook*); now withdraw the hook from the loop, place the hook through the second of the first two chains that were made previous to the L stitches, also through the loop from whence the hook was withdrawn, and draw it through the loop on the hook; then 4 *tight* chain, 2 dc in next loop of the foundation, and repeat from * till there are 4 patterns of L stitches.

Next row.—* In the loop which drew the last of the 8 L together, make a dc 1 ch, another dc (all in the same loop); and in each of the 2 dc of the *foundation* (not heeding the chain stitches) work 2 dc (4 in all), not heed the next chain stitches, but repeat from * all round, which will complete the row.

First plain row.—1 dc in next loop, * 1 dc in the 1 ch, 1 ch, 1 dc in *same* loop, 1 dc in every loop; then repeat from * all round.

Another plain row like the last.—Finish in the dc *previous* to the 1 ch in the corner, cut the cotton off, leaving an end out, draw the end through this one chain, hook it down at the back, and tie it securely with the end left out at the commencement. Make as many of these squares as are needed, and sew them together in the form indicated by the engraving, with the same cotton, and stitch by stitch.

FOR THE OPEN WORK.—Same cotton. 17 ch, turn back, 1 L in 8th loop from that on the hook (*these chains are equivalent to 3 ch, 1 L*), 2 ch, 1 L in 3d loop for 3 times.

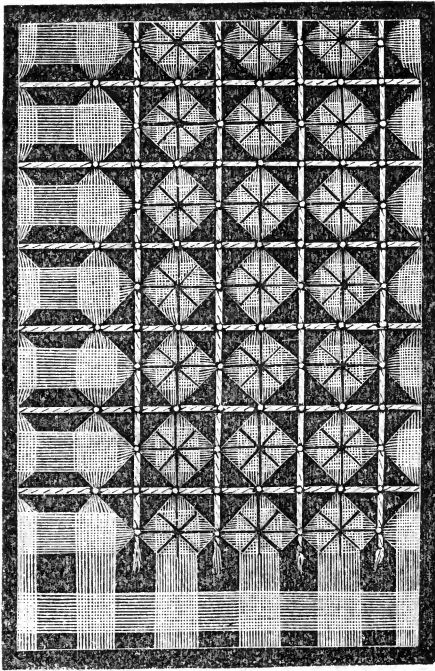
Next row.—* 5 ch T (*or turn on reverse side*),

1 L on 2d L, 2 ch, 1 L on each of next long for twice, 2 ch, 1 L in 3d loop; repeat from * till there are 8 rows worked, then (A) 5 ch, 1 L on the end of the row down the side on the *left* of the work (*the rows now appear like L stitches, and must be so called*), 2 ch, 1 L on L, 2 ch, 1 L on L again, 5 ch, T, and repeat till there are 4 rows, but reckoning on one side only 8 rows can be counted, now repeat from (A).

Make a sufficient length of the open work, then sew it on to the thick stripe. When the article is completed as to the crochet, short tufts of cotton are to be tied into each point of the open work, and sewed into the thick diamonds.

PORTUGUESE LACE.

THE cotton with which the design is worked is No. 28. The linen should be somewhat old, without being worn, and should be of the kind from which sheets are made. An old linen sheet answers admirably for this kind of work. An even number of threads must be



drawn each way, then the cotton is fastened with a needle on to one of the bars, and carried on to the next, which is drawn up tight, leaving the cotton of sufficient length

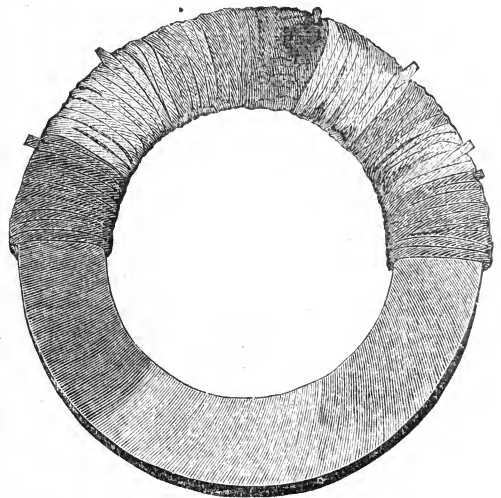
not to draw the work. The whole of the work must be completed one way first, then the reverse way, each thread crossing in the centre of an open space. Then again the cotton is twisted over each former thread of cotton, fastening the cotton when it crosses with a firm stitch, then, when it meets the bar which has been drawn up, make a stitch here, then cross stitches over the linen, as in engraving. This kind of work is well adapted for altar cloths, which should be terminated with a plain linen band, having a thick embroidery design, outlines of leaves or scrolls, and the ground be dotted with No. 8 embroidery cotton.

A quicker way of working the design is to obtain some barred muslin. Cut out the thin part of it, and with No. 60 cotton, overcast all the row edges. Then complete the work as before. For summer coverlids for babies' cots this is admirable.

WOOLLEN BALL FOR THE NURSERY.

THESE woollen balls are light, soft, and pretty, and children can play with them indoors without incurring the risk of breaking anything. We give three illustrations of the ball: the last one shows it complete, the two others in process of making. A great deal of wool is required to make the ball, but as odd

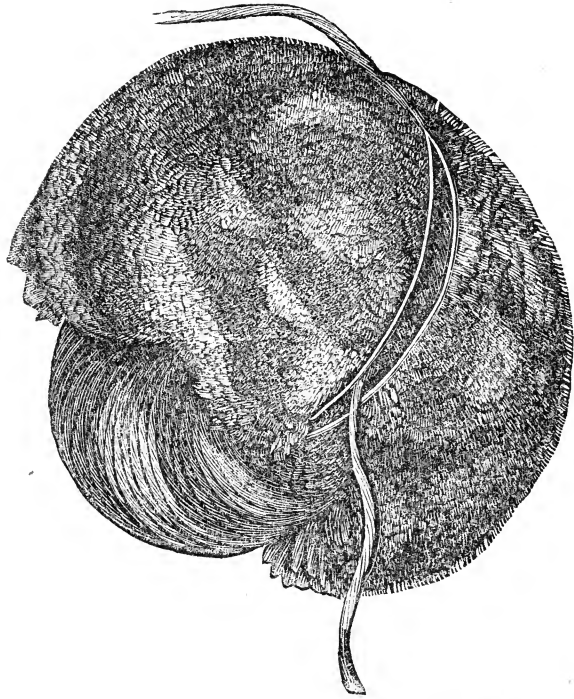
Fig. 1.



ends of all colors can be used, the expense is insignificant. Our pattern measures 9 inches round. Begin by cutting two thin card-board

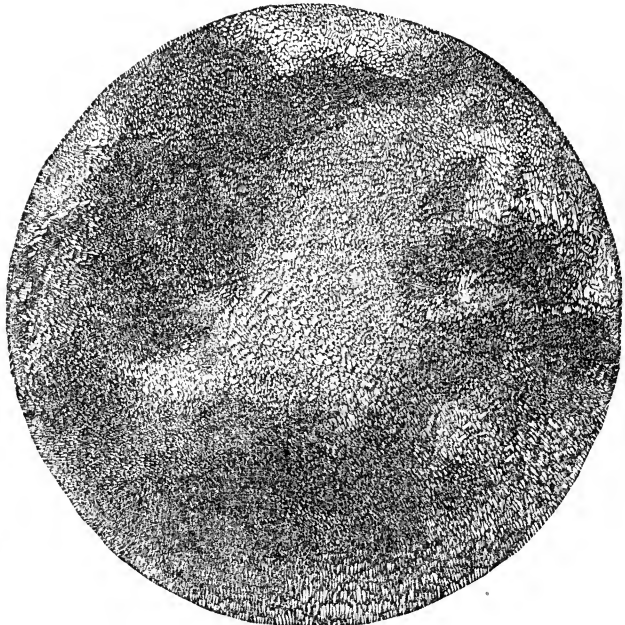
rings 9 inches round, and cut out the centre part of each round, see Fig. 1. This illustration shows both the card-board rings placed one over the other, and partly covered with wool. The ring of double card-board should be wound with wool until the opening in the middle is *quite filled up*; the wool should be used double, the ends always placed on the outside edge of the ring, and the colors, light and dark, arranged according to taste. When the opening is quite filled up, the wool should be cut, in layers, round the edges of the card-board. Fig. 2 shows the wool half cut, and a line of dots indicates the place where the rest is to be cut. When all is cut, divide the two rings of card-board a little, and place a piece of string between them; fasten this string tightly two or three times round the ball, then cut the ends of it, and cut the rings of card-board in different places so as to be able to take them out; the wool should cover the string entirely. Then trim the ends of wool all over the ball, to make the surface even and the ball perfectly round, smooth, and of a good shape. Fig. 3 shows the ball complete.

Fig. 2.



Showing the wool half cut, and indicating by dots where the remainder of the wool is to be cut.

Fig. 3.



INITIAL LETTER FOR MARKING.

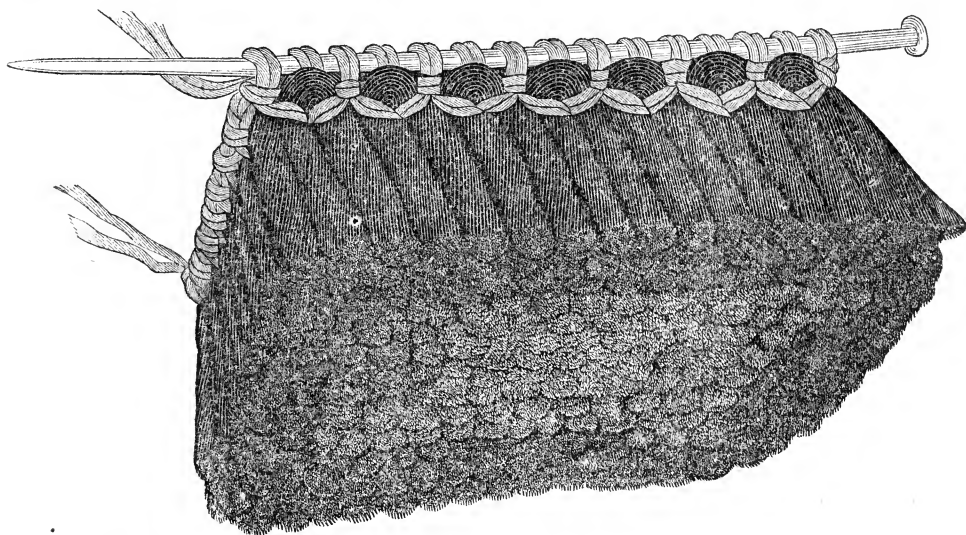


COARSE KNITTING FOR MATS, RUGS, ETC.

Materials.—White knitting cotton; thick wool of different colors; 2 strong steel needles.

This knitting may be done either with any odd bits of wool placed as they come, without any preconceived arrangement, or from a

cording to the pattern. The next row is knitted quite plain. The first stitch is not slipped, but knitted. In our pattern, 1 row is always knitted plain, without any ends of wool, which renders the work soft and downy. This mode of working always makes the mat come longer than it is wide, even when the



pattern for Berlin work; in this latter case 1 in the pattern must be counted for 4 stitches in length and width of the knitting, and the stitches round the edges must be added. As it would be very inconvenient to work the mat all in one place, it must be divided into strips, which should be afterwards joined together by a seam on the wrong side, so as to match the pattern exactly. Our illustration shows distinctly the three shades of color used in our pattern; the stitches of the knitting are also clearly marked. With double knitting cotton cast on an uneven number of stitches, which must not exceed 33 or 35 in order to be easily held in the hand. Knit the first stitch by itself, then take 2 ends of wool $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; place them in front of the next stitch to be knitted on the left hand needle, so that the 4 ends of wool fall towards the wrong side in equal lengths, and knit the 2 ends with the next stitch, inserting the needle first in the stitch and next under the 2 ends of wool which are in front, and thus forming a loop for the next stitch. The next stitch is knitted plain. Go on in this knitting alternately 1 stitch with 2 ends of wool, and 1 stitch plain to the end of the row. Change the colors ac-

cording to the pattern. The next row is knitted quite plain. The first stitch is not slipped, but knitted. In our pattern, 1 row is always knitted plain, without any ends of wool, which renders the work soft and downy. This mode of working always makes the mat come longer than it is wide, even when the

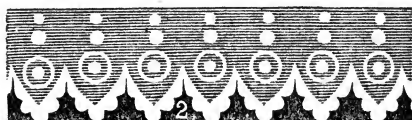
INITIAL FOR MARKING PILLOW-CASES, ETC.



TATTING INSERTION.

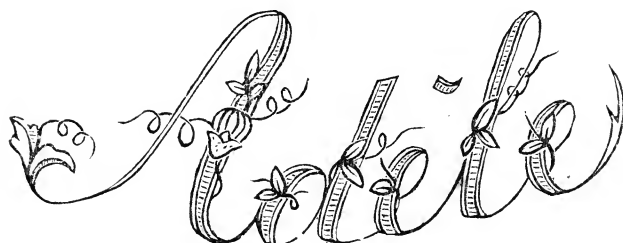
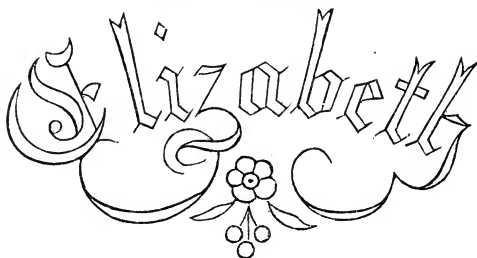


EMBROIDERY.

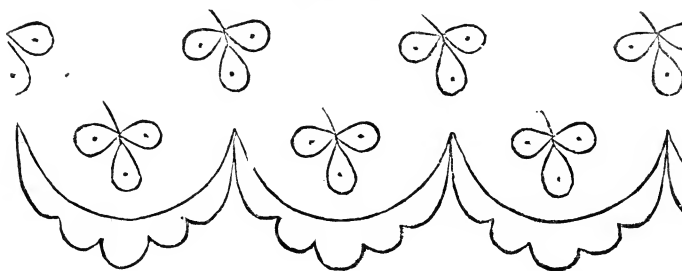


NAMES FOR MARKING.

BRAIDING PATTERN.

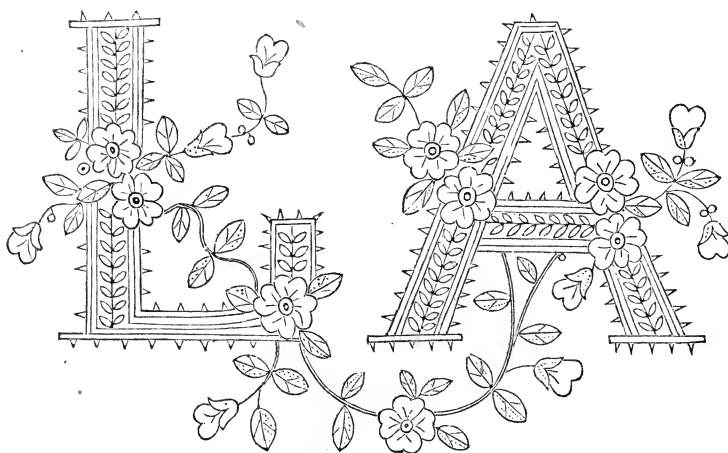
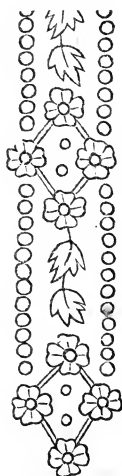


EMBROIDERY.



INSERTING.

INITIAL LETTERS FOR MARKING PILLOW-CASES, ETC.



Receipts, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

BAKED BEEF AND POTATOES.—The cheapest pieces of beef, suitable for baking or roasting, consist of the thick part of the ribs, cut from towards the shoulder, the mouse buttock and gravy pieces, and also what is commonly called the chuck of beef, which consists of the throat boned and tied up with string in the form of a small round. Whichever piece of beef you may happen to buy, it should be well sprinkled over with pepper, salt, and flour, and placed upon a small iron trivet in a baking dish containing peeled potatoes and about half a pint of water, and either baked in your own oven or else sent to the baker's. If you bake your meat in your own oven, remember that it must be turned over on the trivet every twenty minutes, and that you must be careful to baste it all over now and then with the fat which runs from it into the dish, using a spoon for that purpose.

POTATO DUMPLINGS are made thus: Peel some potatoes and grate them into a basin of water; let the pulp remain in the water for a couple of hours, drain it off, and mix with it half its weight of flour; season with pepper, salt, chopped onions, and sweet herbs. If not moist enough, add a little water. Roll into dumplings the size of a large apple, sprinkle them well with flour, and throw them into boiling water. When you observe them rising to the top of the saucepan, they will be boiled enough.

PEA SOUP.—Cut up two and a half pounds of pickled pork, or some pork cuttings, or else the same quantity of scrag end of neck of mutton, or leg of beef, and put any one of these kinds of meat into a pot with a gallon of water, three pints of split or dried peas, previously soaked in cold water over night, two carrots, four onions, and a head of celery, all chopped small; season with pepper, but no salt, as the pork, if pork is used, will season the soup sufficiently; set the whole to boil very gently for at least three hours, taking care to skim it occasionally, and do not forget that the peas, etc., must be stirred from the bottom of the pot now and then; from three to four hours' gentle boiling will suffice to cook a good mess of this most excellent and satisfying soup. If fresh meat is used for this purpose, salt must be added to season it. Dried mint may be strewn over the soup when eaten.

BACON ROLL-PUDDING.—Boil a pound of fat bacon for half an hour, and then cut it up into thin slices. Peel six apples and one onion, and cut them in slices. Make two pounds of flour into a stiff dough, roll it out thin; first lay the slices of bacon out all over this, and then upon the slices of bacon spread out the slices of apples and the slices of onion; roll up the paste so as to secure the bacon, etc., in it; place the bolster pudding in a cloth, tied at each end, and let it boil for two hours in a two-gallon pot, with plenty of water.

BOILED BACON AND CABBAGES.—Put a piece of bacon in a pot capable of containing two gallons; let it boil up, and skim it well; then put in some well-washed split cabbages, a few carrots and parsnips also split, and a few peppercorns; when the whole has boiled gently for about an hour and a half, throw in a dozen peeled potatoes, and by the time that these are done, the dinner will be ready. And this is the way in which to make the most of this excellent and economical dinner. First, take up the bacon, and having placed it on its dish, garnish it round with the cabbages, carrots, parsnips, and potatoes, and then add

some pieces of crust, or thin slices of bread, to the liquor in which the bacon-dinner has been cooked, and this will furnish you with a good wholesome soup with which to satisfy the first peremptory call of your healthy appetites.

TO ESCALLOP POTATOES.—Having boiled, beat them fine in a bowl, with cream, a large piece of butter, and a little salt. Put them into escallop shells, make them smooth on the top, score with a knife, and lay thin slices of butter on the tops of them. Then put them into an oven to brown before the fire.

KNUCKLE OF VEAL AND RICE.—Put the knuckle of veal into a boiling pot, with a pound of bacon, two pounds of rice, six onions, three carrots cut in pieces, some peppercorns, and salt in moderation on account of the bacon; add three or four quarts of water, and set the whole to stew very gently over a moderate fire for about three hours. This will produce a good substantial dinner for at least ten persons.

BUTTERED PARSNIPS.—Scrape or peel the parsnips, and boil them in hot water till they are done quite tender, then drain off all the water, add a bit of butter, some chopped parsley, pepper, and salt; shake them together on the fire until all is well mixed.

EGGS STEWED WITH CHEESE.—Fry three eggs in a pan with one ounce of butter, seasoned with pepper and salt, and when the eggs are just set firm at the bottom of the pan, slip them off on to a dish, cover them all over with some very thin slices of cheese, set the dish before the fire to melt the cheese, and then eat this cheap little tit-bit with some toast.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—Three pounds of flour, one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, a pint of milk, the white of one egg, and a quarter of a pint of yeast. Rub the butter and the sugar into the flour, add the milk and white of egg; then beat in the yeast and set the dough, when thoroughly mixed, before the fire to rise. Roll it out into small cakes, shaped without cutting, and bake them on tins.

Another.—Two pounds of flour, four eggs, one and a half pounds of butter, some ginger, caraway seeds, citron, half a pint of cream, and some milk, and a little yeast. Mix the butter with the flour, beat up the eggs, and add then the cream, ginger, caraway seeds, and citron to taste, three teaspoonfuls of yeast, and milk enough to make it of a right thickness. Beat all thoroughly together with a spoon, set it before the fire to rise, and when it has risen drop it in cakes upon tins and bake them.

TEA CAKES.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, some caraway seeds, and a little nutmeg. Make all into a stiff paste, divide this into flat cakes, and bake them upon tins.

POTATOE CAKES.—Take two pounds of very mealy boiled potatoes, mash them very fine with a little salt, mix them with two pounds of flour, add milk enough to make this into dough, beating it up with a spoon, and put a little yeast. Set it before the fire to rise, and when it has risen divide it into cakes the size of a muffin, and bake them. These cakes may be cut open and buttered hot. They are particularly nice.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take of green corn full in the milk, twelve ears, and grate them. To this add one quart of sweet milk, one-quarter of a pound of fresh butter, four eggs well beaten, pepper and salt as much as deemed

necessary; stir the ingredients well together, and bake in a buttered dish. Some add to the other ingredients a quarter of a pound of fine sugar and eat with sauce. It is an excellent dish, cold or warm, with meat or sauce.

PLAIN WINE BISCUITS.—Take two ounces of fresh butter and rub it into one pound of flour very small indeed, then with new milk make it into a stiff paste; this must be rolled out to half an inch in thickness, after which cut out the biscuits, using a round cutter about the size of half a crown. Lay them one upon the other until they are all done. Again roll them out, making them extremely thin, and having pricked them, place them with the pricked side downwards on lightly-floured tin plates. A few minutes baking in a moderate oven will suffice. They should be only slightly browned, but very crisp.

Another.—With one pound of flour, the yolk of an egg, and some milk, make a very stiff paste; beat this well and knead it until quite smooth; roll it very thin, and cut it into biscuits, which must be pricked and baked in a slow oven until they are dry and crisp.

Another.—One pound of flour, the yolks of two eggs, and the white of one; mix all together with enough sweet buttermilk to make it very stiff; knead it as hard as possible and let it rise for an hour, then roll it to the thickness of a wafer, cut into rounds and bake.

PIE-PLANT SHORT CAKE.—Make a short cake in the usual way; equal quantities of buttermilk and cream, saleratus in proportion; when it is baked, split it open and butter both sides well. Have ready some pie-plant stewed in sugar sufficiently to sweeten it nicely. Spread it on the cake, put on the top piece, and it will make a nice dessert.

CHEAP LEMON PIES.—Take one large lemon, squeeze out the juice, cut the peel fine; take one teacup sugar, one molasses, three water, one sifted flour, one egg, stewed sour apple or pie plant, sweetened sufficient for one pie; boil the peel till soft, then put in the flour after wetting it with cold water; boil till it thickens; then add the juice and other ingredients; this will make four medium-sized pies, to be made with two crusts.

GAUFFRES.—Take six new-laid eggs, one-half pound of fresh butter, one-half pint of cream, one-half pound of flour, a little yeast, and the rind of a lemon. Beat up the yolks of the six eggs with the butter, and add the cream, the flour, a teaspoonful of yeast, a little salt, a little rose-water, and the grated rind of one lemon. Mix all by beating up the batter thoroughly, and set it in a warm place, to rise, for an hour. Whisk up the whites of the six eggs and mix them with the batter, and bake the gauffres over a small stove till they are crisp.

CHOCOLATE CAKES.—Have ready one pound of pounded loaf-sugar, one and a quarter pounds of chocolate, also in powder, and four new laid eggs. Beat up the whites of the four eggs to a stiff whip, and add to them the sugar and the chocolate. Beat all well together, and with a spoon drop the mixture in little cakes on paper, or on paper buttered or sugared, and bake the cakes in a moderately cool oven.

PLAIN BISCUITS.—Mix one pound of flour and one-half pound of sugar, and rub in one-half pound of butter. Mix in one ounce of caraway seeds, a little broken, two well-beaten eggs, and a wineglass of sweet wine. Mix all well together, roll the dough out thin; cut out the biscuits, and bake them in a rather quick oven.

SODA CAKE.—Four eggs, one pint of sugar, one teacup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar.

ALMOND LEMON BISCUITS.—Provide one-half pound of almonds, six new-laid eggs, one pound of loaf sugar, finely powdered, the rinds of three lemons, one-quarter pound of fine flour, and a little orange-flower water. Blanch and beat the almonds, adding to them by degrees the whites of the six eggs, well beaten to a froth, and a little orange-flower water. Add by little and little the sugar, grate in the rinds of three lemons. Beat up the yolks of the eggs and mix them in, and add one-quarter pound of flour. Bake them in small pans, well buttered, which should be about half full. Sift fine sugar over them when they go into the oven.

ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Vegetables will keep best on a stone floor, if the air be excluded; meat, in a cold, dry place, where the air is freely admitted; sugar and sweetmeats require a dry place, so does salt; candles, a cold, but not damp place; dried meats, hams, bacon, and tongues, the same. All sorts of seed for puddings, such as rice, etc., should be close covered, to preserve them from insects; but if kept long that will not be sufficient, unless they be occasionally sifted. Apples and pears should be laid upon very clean and dry straw, to prevent a musty taste; nor should they be exposed to either light or air; the floor of a dark garret is a good place on which to deposit them; or, what is still better, shelves made by strips of wood, of about two inches wide, placed an inch and a half apart, and the apples laid between them. They should be ranged singly in rows, without touching each other, and should be often inspected, both to wipe them, if damp, and to reject those which may appear to be getting rotten. The larger sort of pears should be tied up by the stalk. Apples may also be preserved in excellent condition for a long period by being packed in large barrels with dry sand, but require to be used immediately they are taken out.

Coarse nets suspended in the store-room are very useful in preserving the finer kinds of fruit, lemons, etc., which are spoiled if allowed to touch. When lemons and oranges are cheap, a proper quantity should be bought and prepared, both for preserving the juice, and keeping the peel for sweetmeats and grating, especially by those who live in the country, where they cannot always be had; and they are perpetually wanted in cookery.

The best way of scalding fruits, or of boiling vinegar, is in a stone jar, or on a hot iron hearth, or by putting the vessel into a saucepan of boiling water, after it has been closely corked, but not quite filled, as the heat may occasion the fruits to swell; but if they diminish after they are cool, the vessel must then be filled.

Onions, shallots, and garlic should be hung up for winter use, in ropes from the ceiling; as should dried parsley, basil, savory, and knotted-marjoram, thyme, and tarragon, to be used when herbs are ordered, but with discretion, as they are very pungent.

When whites of eggs are used for jelly, or other purposes, pudding, custard, etc., should be made to employ the yolks also; and when only the yolks are wanted, the whites can be made with milk into blanchmange. Should they not be wanted for several hours, beat them up with a little water, and put them in a cool place, or they will be hardened and useless. It was a mistake of old to think that the whites made cakes and puddings heavy; on the contrary, if beaten long and separately, they contribute greatly to give lightness, and are also an improvement in paste.

THE TOILET.

VIOLET POWDER.—A lady's toilet-table is not complete without this or some other absorbent powder. It not only dries the skin, but also tends to give a smooth surface and conceal pimples. The following is its composition, and any lady can, if she please, make it for herself: Wheat starch, six parts by weight: orris root powder, two. Having reduced the starch to an impalpable powder, mix thoroughly with the orris-root, and then perfume with otto of lemon, otto of bergamot, and otto of cloves, using twice as much of the lemon as either of the other ottos.

LOTION FOR THE HAIR.—Liquor of ammonia and oil of sweet almonds, two drachms each; spirits of rosemary, two ounces; otto of mace, one-half drachm; rose-water, two and a half ounces. First mix the almond oil with the ammonia, then, having added the otto of mace to the rosemary, shake these up with the oil and the ammonia. Finally, add the rose-water by degrees. It is to be used as a lotion, and applied once a day. This compound is a stimulant, and was made at the suggestion of a physician, for promoting the growth of the hair, and preventing it falling off.

HAIR WASH.—Take a small quantity of rosemary, strip the leaves from the stalks, and put them into a jar with nearly half a pint of cold water. Place the jar near the fire, and let the contents simmer gently for an hour or two, without setting or burning. When the water is somewhat reduced, the infusion will be sufficiently strong. Then add half a pint of rum, and simmer the whole for a while longer. When cold, strain the liquid from the leaves, and keep it in a bottle to be ready for use. Apply it to the roots of the hair with a small sponge or piece of flannel.

WHITE LIP SALVE.—Almond oil, quarter of a pound; wax and spermaceti, each one ounce; otto of almonds, half a drachm; otto of geranium, quarter of a drachm.

GLYCERINE BALSAM.—White wax, spermaceti, each one ounce; almond oil, half a pound; glycerine, two ounces; otto of roses, quarter of a drachm.

OIL OF ROSES.—Take olive oil, two pints; otto of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm. Mix. It may be colored red by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLACKBERRY AND WINE CORDIAL.—We avail ourselves of the kindness of a friend to publish the following excellent receipt for making cordial. It is recommended as a delightful beverage and an *infallible specific* for diarrhoea or ordinary disease of the bowels:—

Receipt.—To half a bushel of blackberries, well mashed, add a quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves; pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done; then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf sugar; boil again for some time, take it off, and while cooling, add half a gallon of the best Cognac brandy.

Dose.—For an adult, half a gill to a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

COFFEE MILK.—Milk, one pint; coffee, half an ounce. Boil for five minutes, and strain or fine it down, then preserve the clear liquid for use.

SIMPLE MODE OF PURIFYING WATER.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A tablespoonful of pul-

verized alum sprinkled into a hogshhead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Let them boil for one minute, and they will keep good for a month, or steeped in sweet oil for a short time, and they will keep good for a long while.

WRINKLED SILK.—To make silk, which has been wrinkled and tumbled, appear like new—sponge it on the surface with a weak solution of gum Arabic or white glue, and iron it on the wrong side.

EGGS FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems far preferable to collodion or even cotton.

FADED INK.—Writing rendered illegible by age may be restored by moistening it by means of a leather, with an infusion of galls, or a solution of prussiate of potash slightly acidulated with muriatic acid, observing so to apply the liquid as to prevent the ink spreading.

CRYSTALLIZED FRUIT.—Beat the white of an egg to froth; dip your fruit in it, then roll it in white sifted sugar candy; when quite dry place the fruit in a stove to be very slowly dried. Or you can dry your fruit first, then dip it in white of egg, and then dust it with white sugar, or sugar-candy, finally drying it off.

TOOTHACHE.—Pulverize about equal parts of common salt and alum. Gut as much cotton as will fill the tooth; damp it; put it in the mixture, and place it in the tooth. This is also a good mixture for cleansing the teeth.

CHINESE CEMENT.—Pulverized flint glass, ground well with the white of an egg, will make a cement for china impossible to break.

BAR SOAP should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using it, as it spends fast when it is new.

ICE CREAM.—Beat the yolk of three eggs light, and stir them into a quart of milk, then add half a pound of sugar, a pint of cream, and the peel of two lemons. Set over a moderate fire, and stir constantly until boiling hot, then take out the lemon peel, let it become cold and freeze it.

SEALING WAX FOR FRUIT CANS.—Take rosin 8 ounces, gum shellac 2 ounces, beeswax half an ounce, and if you desire to have it colored, English vermilion one and a half ounce. Melt the rosin and stir in the vermilion if used. Then add the shellac slowly, and afterward the beeswax. This will make quite a quantity, and may be melted for use when wanted.

TO GIVE PLASTER OF PARIS CASTS THE APPEARANCE OF MARBLE.—This may be very successfully done with small figures in the following manner: Dissolve one ounce of white soap and one ounce of white wax in two quarts of water. Place it before the fire, and when the whole is incorporated the mixture is fit for use. Having well dried the figure, suspend it by some twine, and dip it in the varnish. In a quarter of an hour's time dip it in again. These two dips will generally be found sufficient. Put the figure carefully aside, covered from the dust for a week, and then with a soft rag rub it gently, when a brilliant gloss will be produced.

Editors' Table.

WEARINESS OF THE WORLD AND ITS WORK.

"Give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness."
Isaiah lxi. 3.

THIS prophetic glimpse of the blessed change that may come over the sorrowful has ever been as the star of hope to the desolate hearted. It bears the Divine stamp of promise.

Among human literature we do not recollect a writer who has ever touched the concealed chords of "human sadness,"* those inner and deeper strings of the bleeding heart and broken hope, with the true genius of a comforter, like the Countess De Gasparin. In her first work, which we noticed some years since, these tender charities were the great charm; in the little volume before us, she has brought out sweeter symphonies of compassion for the manifold sorrows of private life, and breathed into the afflicted soul the loving cheer of the Saviour's tenderness, till the weakest nature may take courage, and the wearied wayfarer, oppressed and broken with the load of life, rise up and renew the strength. All women should read this work, and strive for its spirit of doing and its patience in suffering. We will give a few examples of her manner of treating these still life pictures of sadness. The way is original, and, we may say, cheerful. The authoress does not go out of her sphere and preach; she only touches, with fancy's subtle spell, the commonest life of humanity, and the hidden beauty and worth it contains, and the sadness it may suffer seem important realities, challenging our admiration or deserving our pity. The Countess has, with her Christian graces, such gifts of true genius, that no person can read her works without being interested, if not instructed.

OF WEARINESS FROM ILL HEALTH.

"Our generation is sickly, another source of weariness. I do not charge the present day with the fearful epidemics of old; but, for all that, health is not our forte, our age will never pass for a robust one. It has energies, indeed, its bursts of strength; when it mounts the breach of a city or a prejudice, its arm soon lays both low. But with the exception of these flashes of vigor, it is an invalid age. It has nerves; it looks with a languid eye upon the world; it is subject to fits of inexpressible debility; sometimes we have fever, sometimes palsy; one thing is certain, we have no health.

"If you want strong organizations and the gayety that springs from a tenacious vitality well riveted to the frame, you must look to our grandparents. They rose at early dawn, some chirping song like the linnet's on their lips; they did what they had to do merrily, not over scrupulously, I allow. They were a little given to scold men and maids; stormed away at things in general; and I do really believe that this helped to keep their spirits. They read and wrote, not too much of either. They walked straight on firm legs, had a florid complexion, smooth foreheads, and ringing laugh.

"We of this generation, on the contrary, are liable to strange fits of weariness; they come upon us the first thing in the morning; our strength is exhausted before our eyes are well open. Our head droops languidly on one side. That neuralgia at which our ancestors would have laughed does too surely dig its talons into our brain. Breathlessness seizes us at every step. Who is there that can walk now-a-days? We rise late, we go to bed at dawn; and thus we escape the sun and its vulgar

* "Human Sadness." By the Countess De Gasparin, authoress of "The Near and Heavenly Horizons." Published by Robert Carter and Brothers, New York.

brightness. We are slender, we are pale, we are very fashionable-looking; but, decidedly, we are not robust."

* * * * *

WEARINESS FROM DAILY DETAIL.

"If you ask for facts of proof, look, for instance, at our letter-writing! Formerly, when two people loved each other much, they wrote twice a month, and got on very well; now, people between whom there is little love, write to each other every morning, and get on no better. Formerly, the post afforded time for reflection; one turned one's cross moods over in one's mind before giving them expression; many a sadness had been transformed into joy during the interval between one mail and the next; many difficulties had found solution. Now they write them off while they are happening."

* * * * *

"And the notes! how describe their worrying importunity! For a mere nothing—a yes, a no—the first idler that likes fires off a little note at me. All day long I am a mark for this practice. A mere trifle, you say! By no means; it interrupts, teases, fidgets; not to say that one has to answer!"

* * * * *

"Or, say that you are in the country; a railroad crosses your grounds or grazes them; or whistles at a few hundred yards from your gate. 'Dear so and so, send for me at the station of —; I know you would take it ill if I passed you by so close without coming to see you.' People are constantly coming in and going out in your house. Strange faces, characters, more or less congenial, drop into your home circle like Paixhan's balls.

"That self-possession, that, as it were, self-intimacy without which no good is to be done, is all lost; your occupations are disturbed, your thoughts sent adrift; family life, that holy life which alone fosters character or bestows happiness, is bored through and through, and in order to recover it, I know many who fold their tents, and take to running about the world like the rest."

WEARINESS FROM THE TELEGRAPH.

"For my part, I never see one of those gray envelopes without a shudder. People may say what they will about telegrams, they bring more bad news than good; and then these telegrams have a summary way of proceeding which knocks one completely down. Letters alleviate the blow, or, at all events, they prepare for it; they anticipated your questions, tell you what you wanted to know. The telegram either half kills you, or bewilders you; and having done that, leaves you there."

* * * * *

THE REMEDY.

"Would you reconquer vigor of soul; would you achieve anything great or good, belong to yourself, possess your own existence, have your own hours. Acting thus, you will not be cruel to others, far otherwise; a heart will be born again within you, and you will give it.

"The locomotive crushes with perfect indifference things, animals, and men. The excess of activity gives us something of the same character; it is when one obeys a mechanical impulse that one destroys everything in one's way. Let us beware of having neither time to be kind nor time to be human. Those who insist on leisure will have sympathies. The man (or woman) who makes himself an engine will be hard as iron.

"Have no fear of belonging too much to yourself. If I was persuading you to cross your arms to live at ease, the counsel would be diabolical; but I want you to give yourselves—to give yourselves, indeed—to Him whose you should be; and we can only give what we really have. You cannot! The hour is passed! There is no renewing our youth. God can renew it if only we are willing.

"Some one once said, 'I am accused of believing in human will. I believe in it, because I believe that human will is God's grace! And,' added that woman, for the speaker was a woman of high intellect and large heart, 'no one will ever persuade me to the contrary; those who say I cannot, are those who think I will not.'"

HINTS FOR YOUNG WIVES.

OUR readers will, probably, recollect "The Boatman," and the poem of Mrs. Cram in our "Table" for June. Those articles seem to have awakened much interest; one lady, whose writings are always racy and to the purpose, has sent us the following letter; its sterling good sense and firmness in the right way should give it great influence. It cannot fail of being admired for its womanly dignity in enforcing all womanly virtues.

EDITRESS OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

C——, May, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. HALE: No one who reads the "Lady's Book" attentively, from year to year, can fail to see and feel the high standard you have for women, and the deep interest you take in their progress in all true virtue and right conduct. The dress patterns and the costumes are but the outward adorning of a person whose chief charms it is your desire should be humility, patience, gentleness, and godliness. I am sure that in expressing some of my ideas on the improvement of feminine character, its aims, and occupations, I shall agree with you and in the main object of your "Book."

Of course, I can barely touch on many points, which, however, have their own importance. Other traits and principles there are, too important and too sacred to be talked of in a familiar letter, sketchy in its character, and aiming only at the correction of a few salient errors.

If I talk of the duties of married women, I presuppose a desire to perform those duties, and the fact that the relation has been entered into with suitable feelings and principles.

The fact that the sentiments and feelings that induce marriage exist in their greatest force at a time of life when the judgment is still unripe, is to me a proof that it is a relation intended by Providence to be fulfilled, without very special reference to any but a natural sympathy. The Apostle speaks of the believing wife as sanctifying the unbelieving husband. Qualities, tastes, and tempers the most diverse meet, and are formed into a compound soothing to the taste and feelings, by the universal solvent—Love. That they love each other is the ultimate reason of a harmony, better than any prearranged concords that can be devised by the judgment of friends, the care of parents, the sharp eyes of guardians. Two persons of exactly diverse notions on a thousand subjects cannot live apart without suffering and sorrow. Their happiness is in being together.

That their happiness does not continue always, is their misfortune and their fault; but not a necessity of the case. If they could be very happy together before marriage, why not after?

And this is the one thing I wish to say, through your Lady's Book, to the young wives, who, finding married life is not all *couleur de rose*, jump to a conclusion that it is of the color of a thunder cloud.

Somebody has written an excellent essay "on the art of living happily with others." It is the art of all arts, which the young married women should study. If you can alienate your friends, your casual companions, by dwelling continually on the differences instead of the agreements in your opinions and habits, how much sooner the daily companion of your innermost life? You started in that life with a full knowledge of these differences. Why insist now on agreements? "A thorough, complete conviction of the difference of men, is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge," says somebody. It is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy.

Many persons will agree at once to this axiom. They feel it in their relations with the world at large. They do not expect to drive their own opinions of things, their own peculiar tastes into the outer world; but into their inner one, into the circle around the fireside, into the sanctuary where should meet only quiet enjoyment, and gentle, soothing influences, they insist on an impossible union of sentiments and opinions.

Yet why desire this union? One might as well complain of the diversities of flower and fruit, the infinite varieties of earthly objects, the multitudinous differences of stars. For the best of reasons, it has seemed fit for the Maker and Ruler of all that there should be infinite diversities. Yet the same spirit, that of gentleness, yielding—the recognition of each individual soul's right to its own tastes and opinions—the same spirit might and should be in us all. It is so, in general society, to a considerable extent. The general course of feeling would be continually turbid and morose without this spirit. But, as I said before, it is too often dismissed from the domestic circle

just when and where it is most needed. In proportion to the intimacy of the social and domestic relations, should be the care never to infringe on personal rights and peculiarities.

You will say, perhaps, that this is quite impossible. That your husband's notions on some subjects are erroneous; that his tastes are ridiculous; that his presents are unsuitable; his opinions decidedly wrong. Not all these things at once. Possibly it may take ten years to bring you to the conclusion. You will, at about the same time, find out that you are an unhappy, neglected, ill-used wife, and ought never to have been married at all to the man you did marry.

Very good. Or rather, very bad. Some of our young women—let us hope but a very, very small portion of them—at this point of their character and moral existence, make the fatal mistake of seeking for a new affinity, and for happiness in a new form. The legalized conditions of separation are eagerly sought for, the only desire seems to be freed from a bondage which has become hateful, and to bind themselves anew with chains whose rose-wreaths again conceal their iron.

Not the least must you fret and chafe under your new fetters. Even on the supposition that the fatal facility of separation were to give you comparative ease by inducing a variety in your suffering, still, not the least must you suffer, until you change your whole principle of action. Setting aside all the derangement of family relations—the necessary suffering entailed on innocent children—the uncounted consequences of wrong actions in all directions, setting aside all these, you have gained absolutely nothing.

You begin the same old error. Your husband's conduct, opinions, tastes, are again under the domestic microscope. His failings assume gigantic proportions. What was a harmless animalcule becomes by constant and minute attention, magnified into a horrible monster with heads and horns. Slight ebullitions of temper are met by sulky astonishment, and magnified into quarrels. Every sweet bell becomes jangled and out of tune. In proportion to your isolation from general observation becomes your sensitiveness to every fault and peculiarity. And in proportion to your mutual sensitiveness, is your reproductive irritation. You become, each of you, uncomfortable and unhappy, and all, simply because you begin to go on upon a wrong principle. You might be divorced as fast as you become unhappy, and how is your happiness, setting aside all other motives, to be improved?

How were you comfortable and happy at home, before your ill-fated, ill-assorted, always-to-be-deplored marriage?

Were you not the daughter to whom papa could refuse nothing? Do you remember whether you gained this parental fondness by sulkily exaggerating every difference of opinion and taste between yourselves? or, did you always exhibit a gentle consideration for his bursts of impatience? Did you meet his vexed, weary, tired face at night with angry, mortified silence? Or did you meet him with cordial smiles, pleasant news of the day's doings, silently overlooking of whatever you knew by experience to be his very unpleasant mood? Nay, do I not know very well that you never asked him a favor until after dinner, when you had lighted his cigar, and, as it were, coaxed him with your filial endearments, into good humor with himself and all the world, and of all the world most, his pet and loving daughter?

If the great principles of Christianity which should underlie all our social intercourse, and make domestic life the soother and comforter it might be, if those principles were not only recognized but acted upon, of course there would be no need of any expostulations or admonitions on this subject. But most people recognize principles. Not all, by any means, act on them. A thousand daily irritations, sacrifices, vexations, need the application of these principles, and we can never be happy till we apply them. You cannot reason about these irritations. You may undertake to talk and dispute about them, if you want to begin an unhappy life. Dr. Johnson says, "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day."

Even if you could settle everything by talking and disputing about it, there is no time to do it, and nothing is worth this perpetual disputing and settling. When you have learned to *yield*, you have begun the first step towards enjoyment of your married life. The next will be a retracing of the old paths, into the feeling with which you began that life. It was a true love, which made sacrifice nothing, the desire that your husband should be happy, everything. If you do not thus yield, nay, even if you conquer in your disputes, what shall you have gained? Not your husband's increased love—certainly not your own happiness.

French novel-writers and modern sentimentalists have done a world of harm in corrupting the straightforward simplicity and rectitude of our young women. Instead of keeping their own hearts and tempers with all diligence, they are looking out for wants and errors in the companions they have chosen. Instead of humility and self-distrust, they are become critical and ungenerous to the inevitable failings of their husbands, and instead of sanctifying with their own holy purposes and Christian efforts, the unbelieving husbands, they make the married relation a hateful bond. There are many outside reasons for this frequent effect on domestic happiness. Some based on the modern modes of living, to which I may hereafter refer; but I have already exceeded the limits of a letter.

ON THE SURFACE.

Yes, let me wear upon my brow

The crown of thorns your hands have plaited;

I'll cover it with roses now;

They never should have been unmattd.

Their leaves will take a deeper hue

From ruby drops beneath them springing,

And when, O World, my crown ye view,

Its passing fragrance on you flinging,

Your thought will be, "How blest to wear

A crown of roses bright and rare!"

Give me to drink the cup of pain;

I would not it were made less bitter;

But I'll compound it o'er again

With wine whereon the foam-beads glitter;

And when, O World, the draught ye see,

And, wond'ring, mark its surface gleaming,

Nor dream what Marah drops may be

Concealed within so fair a seeming,

Your thoughts will be, "Blest fate is thine

For whom is mixed life's sparkling wine!"

"WOMAN AND HER ERA."

A NEW work, said to be remarkable, bearing the above significant title, has lately been published in London.

In 1853 a work* of ours was published in New York; in this book we designated the 19th century as the era of woman and her destiny. The writers of Great Britain are now taking up the subject in earnest, as we hope. Some three or four years ago, "A Cyclopædia of Woman" was brought out in London, chiefly drawn, as its editor acknowledged, from our "Woman's Record." And now another testimony of the interest in these important questions of woman's destiny and duties has appeared. America, however, keeps the advance. VASSAR COLLEGE will be the queen of institutions for ladies; and our LADY'S BOOK has not its compeer in the wide, wide world. Still Great Britain is advancing with hopeful signs of rapid progress. One is that the most eminent men among the clergy and medical faculty of England and Scotland are favoring the idea of restoring to women their two Bible offices, that of *Midwifery* and of *Deaconess*! The office of instructress for their own sex has always been held paramount by English women. Every College and Seminary for young ladies in Great Britain is, we believe, presided over by a lady; or a lady holds the office of Principal, and has the moral control and responsibility; and now that one young woman has, in London, been admitted to a full degree as *Doctress of Medicine*, we look forward to a rapid and generous movement for the medical education of such ladies as desire to enter the profession. Of course, ladies will confine their practice

to their own sex and children; such is their true duty. The office of Deaconess has been in the Church of England already restored in part. "The North London Deaconesses' Institution and St. John's House of Mercy" has the patronage of the Queen, receives great praise, and is doing much good.

These changes in favor of woman are all significant that her Era is now inaugurated.

OUR GOLD CURRENCY:—

1. A good book left behind by a Christian author is a voice from Heaven, echoing along the corridors of years, and teaching even Christians the way of duty. This eloquence is often the most powerful.

2. All the sounds of nature, the bleating of sheep, the song of birds, the hum of bees, the chime of the waves, the voices of the winds, the rustling of the trees, are all on the minor key. What does that mean?

3. The knowledge of relations, and not of facts, is the only real knowledge. It signifies nothing to know that gold is gold, and iron is iron, unless we have a notion of the connections and dependencies of these things on others.

4. Poetry is sensibility; knowledge is curious truth.

5. "God gives us love. Something to love

He lends us; but when Love is grown

To ripeness, that on which it throves

Falls off, and Love is left alone."

ABOUT CHILDHOOD:—

The Brain.—Up to the seventh year of life very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention not to interrupt them by improper or over excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period as is necessary to its health; and the best is moral instruction, exemplified by objects which strike the senses.

Physical Development.—Pure air and free exercise are indispensable; wherever either of these is withheld, the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffering have, in innumerable instances, been early sown into the constitution of the child simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent victims should ascend trumpet-tongued to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land: "Give us free air and welcome exercise, leave to develop our expanding energies in accordance with the laws of our being, and full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood."

HINTS FROM DR. HALL ABOUT HEALTH.

TAKING COLDS.—Some persons can almost tell in an instant when they have taken cold, generally by the disagreeable feeling of chilliness and the difficulty of getting comfortably warmed. Sometimes a person after exercising actively finds himself a little chilled before he knows it. In both cases an available, instantaneous, and almost always efficient remedy is at hand—simply walk, run, or work until free perspiration is produced, the sooner the better, and when the exercise is over, go to a room of seventy degrees Fahrenheit, or drink several cups of hot drink, taking care, if not in a warm room, to cease exercising by degrees.

DIPHTHERIA is said to be speedily arrested and cured by swallowing lumps of ice, *continuously*, until relief is

* "Woman's Record; or Biographical Dictionary of all Distinguished Women." By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. Pp. 912, large octavo. Published by the Harpers.

afforded; let them as much as possible melt in the throat. Common sore-throat is cured in the same way, sometimes.

READING WHILST TRAVELLING fatigues the eyes, as every observant person well knows; this induces headache, sometimes pains around the eyes, with a slight congestion of the retina, which, when the habit becomes inveterate, and the subject is over fifty or of a weak constitution, is liable to end in an attack of apoplexy.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Wait!"—"To my Wife!"—"Change!"—"The Dewdrop!"—"Our Mothers!"—and "Devotion."

These articles we shall not need: "Doctor Danforth's Dilemma!"—"Bella Webster!"—"Chronicles of the Lovel-side Family!"—"Song!"—"The Rose of Destiny!" (we have no room for translations)—"Clouds!"—"Housekeeping made Easy!"—"Do not Forget!"—"The Soldier!"—"Lines to my Love!"—"Memorial of a Classmate!"—"When in my Twelfth Year!"—"The Haunted Crag!"—"To J. E. D." (will not do for our book)—"May-time" (a poem of merit, if we had room we would publish)—"Dreaming" (very well for a first effort the writer must work and wait)—"Only a little harmless Flirting!"—"Marie!"—and "Hope." We have articles still unexamined.

Literary Notices.

From FREDERICK LEYPOLDT, Philadelphia:—

LETTERS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, from 1833 to 1847. Edited by Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy, of Berlin; and Dr. Carl Mendelssohn Bartholdy, of Heidelberg; with a Catalogue of all his Musical Compositions, compiled by Dr. Julius Rietz. Translated by Lady Wallace. This, the second series of Mendelssohn's letters, will be choicely treasured by all musicians and lovers of music. They form in themselves a connected history, or rather, series of pictures of his life from early manhood to his death. They are far more valuable than any biography can be, inasmuch as the reader is afforded an insight into his peculiar traits of mind, and can know him familiarly as his friends knew him.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE BRIDAL EVE. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Fatal Marriage," "The Deserted Wife," etc. Mrs. Southworth's English stories are better, if possible, than her American ones. There are greater extremes in the social life of England, consequently more diversity of character; while there the spirit of romance, which still hovers around old buildings, furnishes richer material for the novelist than can be found at home. None can seize these materials and use them with a reader pen than the lady of whom we speak. "The Bridal Eve" is pronounced by all as superior to any of her former works. The plot is most ingenious, and the style brilliant. Her powers of delineation and vivid imagery seem to strengthen with each succeeding effort.

THE LADIES' COMPLETE GUIDE TO NEEDLEWORK AND EMBROIDERY. With one hundred and thirteen illustrations and diagrams. By Miss Lambert.

THE LADIES' GUIDE TO TRUE POLITENESS AND PERFECT MANNERS; or, *Miss Leslie's Behavior Book*. By Miss Leslie, author of "Miss Leslie's celebrated new Cookery Book," etc.

These are new editions of two very valuable works, which should be in every lady's private library.

THE DEFORMED. A Novel. By Mrs. Marsh, author of "The Admiral's Daughter," etc. A well-written and interesting novel, which does credit to the author, and will repay the attention of the reader.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK. By the author of "The Man in Gray." We do not think Mrs. Wood or Miss Braddon need stand in any immediate fear of a rival in the author of this book. We have had no patience to read the book through; therefore cannot speak of the plot. But the style is wishy-washy, the characters unnatural; and, taking all in all, we judge it to be the poorest novel of the season.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Parts 25 and 26. Price 20 cents each. This useful and fascinating work is rapidly approaching completion.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Nos. 73 and 74. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the Basis of the latest editions of the German Conversations Lexicon. With wood engravings and maps. The best Encyclopædia published, and only 20 cents a number.

From WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE BATTLE OF ARMA-GEDDON. By the Rev. M. Baxter, late missionary of the Episcopal Church at Onondaga, C. W. We find this to be the third edition, so the author can boast of having popular favor. He writes earnestly, and as if he fully believed in the explanation of the Bible prophecies as expounded in this work. If Mr. Baxter is right, the world has but a few more years to suffer before the "Great Consummation." How many are now living who can, with all the heart, soul, and mind cry "Amen; even so, come Lord Jesus!"

LITTLE BY LITTLE. A book without an author's name, but worthy of many readers. The story is well told, and the moral should stamp its impression on every mother's heart. Keep your young sons from idleness and temptation.

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY, for the year 1863. This Second Annual Report of the great and good work done by this band of devoted philanthropists makes a large volume. The history has the warm interest of life; every one, whose heart is concerned for the war, and its alleviations, should read this book. It is comforting to know good can thus triumph over evil.

From ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

THE NEW BOOK OF NONSENSE: A Contribution to the Great Central Fair, in aid of the Sanitary Commission. A capital book of its kind: it is nonsense pure and simple, without malice or mischief. The illustrations, enriching every page, are wonderful, and the poetry has no rival—except Mother Goose. The book is intended to do good, and will give the benefit of a good laugh to those who examine it.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

BARBARA'S HISTORY. A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "My Brother's Wife," etc. A novel whose general characteristics remind us strongly of Jane Eyre. This announcement alone is a sufficient assurance for the interest of its pages. Not the least attractive portion of it is the description which it gives of the Dusseldorf, or some similar German school for the encouragement of art. The author discourses familiarly of painting,

as one having had actual experience with the pencil, or possessing more than common information on all subjects.

COUSIN PHILLIS. *A Tale.* The Harpers never publish an inferior novel. Their name upon the title-page of any book may be considered as a guarantee of excellence. This is an English story, quietly and well told, with culminating interest.

NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS; or, *Sketches of a Girl's Life.* Written by her Sister. With an Introduction by Rev. R. S. Foster, D. D. A beautiful and touching book, telling of the pure life and simple faith of one who was "early called."

HARPERS' PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. No. 7. We have received the seventh part of this very excellent work, profusely illustrated with scenes, portraits, and maps. A work that should be in every one's possession. Price 25 cents.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

FREEDOM OF MIND IN WILLING; or, *Every Being that Willa a Creative First Cause.* By Rowland G. Hazard. This is especially an age of material progress. All minds are laboring, and all efforts tend, to outward development in all branches of science. Therefore a metaphysical work appears at the outset under unfavorable auspices. That there are men who are devoting their minds to a close study of their immaterial selves, and that they have the courage to publish the results of their investigations, may be held as an encouraging sign that a new era of intellectual progress is about to dawn. The theories which this book advances are bold and startling, and will engage the attention of the first minds of the day.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF A NEW SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY. By Herbert Spencer, author of "Illustrations of Universal Progress," etc. We copy from the preface: "The present volume is the first of a series designed to unfold the principles of a new philosophy. It is divided into two parts; the aim of the first being to determine the true sphere of all rational investigation, and of the second, to elucidate those fundamental and universal principles which science has established within that sphere, and which are to constitute the basis of the system." Mr. Spencer's system of philosophy possesses at least the merit of originality, and is worthy of examination.

THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, etc. First American from the fifth London edition. With a prefatory note, by George H. Houghton, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration in the City of New York. This is a treatise on the Christian life in its two chief elements, devotion and practice. It is a book essentially practical in its character, warm and earnest in tone, and free from all intolerance or sectarian spirit. It is a book which every Christian should read, and, having read, cannot fail to profit by.

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. By Charles Merivale, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. From the fourth London edition. With a Copious Analytical Index. Vol. IV. This volume embraces nine chapters, beginning with the thirty-third. It is to us the most interesting portion of the history. The last three chapters turn aside from the record of political events, and give glimpses of the moral, social, and intellectual condition of the Romans of the Augustan age.

THE FIRST THREE BOOKS OF XENOPHON'S ANABASIS; with *Explanatory Notes.* By James R. Boise, Professor in the University of Michigan. This book con-

tains references to Hadley's and Kuhner's Greek Grammars, and to Godwin's Greek Moods and Tenses; a copious Greek-English Vocabulary; and Kiepert's Map of the Route of the Ten Thousand.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. and ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

THE CRIPPLE OF ANTIOCH, and other *Scenes from Christian Life in Early Times.* By the author of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family." It is, we believe, settled that the author is a lady: the present work could hardly have been written by a man, even were he the most pure and zealous of Christians. The utter loneliness of the human soul can never be described in its tenderest paths by masculine genius. "The Cripple of Antioch" is one of those pictures of early Christian life that stamps its image into loving and suffering hearts. The other sketches, "The False Christ," and "The Days of Chrysostom" are larger, and more inwoven with historical events and distinguished characters, making a volume of rare interest and impressive Christian doctrines and examples.

THE FOOT OF THE CROSS, AND THE BLESSINGS FOUND THERE. By Octavius Winslow, D. D. A book of earnest faith in Christ, intended for household instruction. This simple faith, as the writer expounds it, is intended to "bring the readers of the book into a state of PERFECT PEACE with God, through Christ."

CORTLEY HALL; or, *The Straight Road is Shortest and Surest.* By A. L. O. E. Another of the pleasant stories for the young, with its simple instruction in the highest wisdom of humanity, the difference between honor and duty. Get it for your children.

HUMAN SADNESS. By the Countess de Gasparin, authoress of "The Near and the Heavenly Horizons," and "Vespers." See Editors' Table, page 173, for extracts from this beautifully written work.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT. *A Novel.* By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Lena Rivers," "Marian Grey," etc. Mrs. Holmes is one of the pleasantest of American novelists. Her works have always a healthful tone, while they possess a fascination which commands the attention of the reader from the beginning to the end.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

STUMBLING-BLOCKS. By Gail Hamilton, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," etc. Gail Hamilton is one of the most sensible writers we know of, with a dash of sauciness that makes her books all the more attractive. True, she sometimes strains a little after effect, and occasionally overdoes the matter in attempts at originality; but we can forgive her that. Her present volume is a collection of sermons, full of wisdom and truth; and, we have little doubt, certain of accomplishing more good than many a like volume bearing the name of professed theologians.

THE MAINE WOODS. By Henry D. Thoreau, author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," etc. This book contains three papers: "Ktaadn," "Chesuncook," and "The Allegash and East Branch," with an Appendix, giving a list of trees, flowers, plants, etc. There is a lively satisfaction in reading one of Thoreau's books. You seem to go in his company; clamber over rocks, ascend mountain sides, and explore forests; examine

with him the plants and flowers, and watch the animals; and share the traveller's fare. He was the prince of excursionists, and his books are a faithful record of his adventures.

LIFE OF WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. By George Ticknor. This edition has been prepared to meet the general demand, while it includes the entire contents of the large quarto edition of Prescott's Life which first appeared, and which was beyond the means of many. The biography has been written by one of Prescott's closest friends during a long lifetime, and has been highly approved of both at home and abroad. It contains a fine portrait on steel.

From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By J. T. Trowbridge. This book, by the author of "Cudjo's Cave," met with such decided success on its first appearance, that its publishers have been justified in issuing a second edition. The plot is interesting, the incidents amusing, and highly dramatic. It is a book for the times.

HAUNTED HEARTS. By the author of "The Lamp-lighter." A second book by one who wrote "The Lamp-lighter" will be eagerly welcomed by those who read that beautiful story. The present novel does its author no injustice, and is, if possible, superior to its predecessor. The main incident in the story will be recognized by many as a veritable occurrence; while those details for which she has drawn upon her imagination are natural and entertaining.

PHANTOM FLOWERS. *A Treatise on the Art of Producing Skeleton Leaves.*

WAX FLOWERS—How to Make them. With new Methods of Sheeting Wax, Modelling Fruit, etc.

These two volumes will be found exceedingly useful to those who have leisure for the pleasant occupations of modelling wax flowers and making phantom bouquets. The first named book will be in especial demand, as there has been so little published on the subject, and that little so brief and unsatisfactory, the art being still so new. The books before us are clear in their descriptions and full in their directions.

THE LITTLE REBEL. This is an entertaining story for young folks, about David Vane who rebelled against the tyranny of a cruel stepfather, and went to live with an uncle in the country, and David Cram who got taken to Boston in his stead.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

AUGUST, 1864.

A CHARMING steel engraving, "The Savoyard," commences our attractions this month, followed by our gem of fashion-plates, containing six figures—dresses for the season, charming in their variety. Our engraving on wood tells "The same old story."

Among our illustrations will be found some choice dresses for the sea-side and watering-places.

Brodie gives us an elegant design this month.

The *Monroe Reporter* says—and it is what we aim at, to make a useful and instructive book—

"There can be found in the Book everything to interest, enlighten, and edify the whole female sex, from the little girl in pantelettes to the old grandmother tottering with age—something beneficial to all classes: to the rich and fashionable as an exponent of the fashions, and to the

poor as a saving in dress, because it teaches them to make their apparel fashionable at a cheap rate. And then the reading matter is all *original*, and from the most gifted pens of our country. Every man should get the book for his wife, every brother for his sister, and every beau for his sweetheart, because it comes as a messenger of pleasure and delight to every fireside, dispensing brilliant charms to all around within its circle."

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system just established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$30. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz.: For an order for \$1, or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$10, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of more than \$10, and not exceeding \$20, the charge shall be 15 cents; and for every order exceeding \$20 a fee of 20 cents shall be charged."

The ridiculous old registry system that charged you 20 cents for a piece of paper, for that was all the security you obtained, will we hope be done away with. Can any one say that he ever recovered the money lost in a registered letter?

MR. FRY'S OPERA OF NOTRE DAME.—In our last number we made some remarks upon this opera, favorable of course, because it deserved it. In a money point of view, it was a failure. Why? Because Mr. Fry is an American. We have no hesitation in saying that if the opera had been brought out under some foreign name it would have been a decided moneyed success, as it was a musical one. Signor Frizziani as the composer would have commanded full houses. Bah! How we are led by these foreign names!

O little Queen Cole
Was a singing soul,
So she sent for her singers three;
And she revell'd in the notes
From the musical throats
Of Grist and Persiani;
But one fellow—to wit—
She couldn't bear a bit,
Cos his name didn't end in *ti*;
Some Jones or Brown,
Some fellow from town,
So very soon snubb'd was he.

It is so in other matters. Let Mrs. Brown, or Jones, or Smith open a ladies' seminary, and she may languish for years before her merits are discovered; but let Madame Chagini, or Delapanti, or Turgosini announce the opening of an institution for the education of young ladies, and she requires no other recommendation than her name. A *matinée* occasionally, with ice cream and champagne, helps matters along amazingly.

SEE our new advertisement, "Improved Needle-Holder and Needles," on cover of this number. This is a great improvement, and one that we are sure will be appreciated.

OUR FASHIONS.—We always give them to suit the seasons. We have seen, in a magazine that purports to give the latest fashions, and that in a January number, ladies standing in the open air, light dresses on, parasols over their heads, and the verdure beautiful around them.

CARTES DE VISITE.—Our subscribers had better send for a catalogue. We have already supplied our friends with many thousands of the cartes, and in all cases they have given great satisfaction. Our list embraces nearly 600 subjects.

THE SANITARY FAIR.

WHILE we are writing this, our great Fair is being inaugurated, and it will be a great success. We presume that it is a near approach to the beauties of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; for to nothing ever got up in this country can we compare it. It is perfect enchantment.

The three departments of the Fair that are the most attractive will be found, we think, to be those of Horticulture, the Art Gallery, and the array of Arms and Trophies. A private view of the Horticultural Department was given on Saturday night, when the grand fountain was illuminated. This fountain is in the centre of the Horticultural Department. The latter is just 190 feet in diameter. The basin into which the water falls is ten feet in diameter from the inner to the outer circle; the whole circle is forty-five feet diameter. The basin is provided with a bottom of white marble chips, and emerald sod will line its margin. Being only a temporary affair, the main pipe is not covered by expensive statuary, but concealed by exotic plants, whose broad leaves, lustrous and tropical, are more beautiful than anything which art could create. So far from over estimating the splendor of this fountain, we cannot even do it justice. The effect is entirely novel. From a circle of jets at its top is thrown, not a mere shower of spray, but a flow of water that spreads all around precisely in the shape of a Chinese umbrella, and that does not break into detached streams or spray until like fringe it reaches nearly to the pool below. There is no such fountain anywhere hereabouts. Beneath this convex sheet of water is a corresponding circle of gas jets. No drop of crystal touches them. And around the fountain's edge is a still wider circle of gas jets that give to every spray drop a glory that the costliest diamond could never equal. The fountain will be each night a magnificent and fairy-like spectacle, such as the country has never seen before. Around the margin of the basin, too, is a circle of smaller water jets, two of which are precisely fac-similes of the greater one. To Mr. D. Rodney King, Mr. J. Eastburn Mitchell, and other gentlemen who have arranged this Horticultural Department, the Sanitary Fair will be indebted for no indifferent portion of its success.

The arrangement of the plants and growing flowers in this department evinces consummate taste. No one can see the opposite contributions representing "The Torrid Zone" and "The Frigid Zone" without the liveliest satisfaction. Dates, bananas, and tropical fruits; the mosses, the lichens, and the pigmy trees of the bleak north; the plants of commerce, bearing spices and gums, tea, coffee, cocoa, the camphor and the cinnamon; the orchids from the forests of South America; the foliage plants of the Indies—the whole collection is singularly beautiful.

The Art Gallery will be the finest exhibition of pictures ever made in this country. The gems from the best galleries have been accepted, and no others. There are many single pictures here which, if exhibited alone, would command the same price which is charged to view the whole of this splendid collection.

The Arms and Trophies Department is worth alone the whole price of admission, and a day could be well employed in examining the peculiarities of this wonderful and interesting collection.

The great and the good Signor Blitz has the Children's Department under his charge, and we all know how well he can cater for their amusement.

The Fair in every respect far exceeds anything of the kind ever gotten up in this country. The New York Fair could not compare with it; that fact is conceded even by the New Yorkers themselves.

We have said that while we write this article the great Fair is being inaugurated; but when our subscribers receive this number it will long have been closed, our immense edition obliging us to prepare so long in advance of date. The Sanitary Commission will be benefited, we presume, to the amount of at least a million of dollars. We could wish it to be double that amount.

FOREIGN BIRDS.—Beautiful colored photographs are furnished, twelve specimens for 50 cents, by G. W. Tomlinson of Boston, Massachusetts.

A NURSE, a few days since, speaking of the first-born, made this speech: "Ma'am, I never did see a child that hunger agreed with less."

B.
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OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Holloway's Musical Monthly.—In noticing the publication of the August number of our popular *Monthly*, we would call attention to a fact which our subscribers and the musical public generally may have overlooked. It is notorious that all other sheet music has materially advanced of late, and is still advancing in price every day, twenty-five cent pieces bringing thirty and thirty-five cents, and so on in proportion. Now while the *Musical Monthly* is, in every respect, engraved, printed, and published in exact conformity with the most approved sheet music, being in fact sheet music, we have not yet advanced our prices in any way, either by the single number or the year. This is an additional reason why piano-players everywhere should add their names to our subscription list at once. We do not know how long our present rates can continue. It is everywhere regarded a wonder how we can afford to give such bulky numbers of *sheet music* for 25 cents, when a single trifling song now costs from 30 to 35 cents. Our very large subscription list explains it. No other musical periodical has ever had such a hold upon the public, and the regard which musical people hold for the work is constantly on the increase. Brinley Richards, Balfe, Gounod, Glover, and all the leading composers of Europe and this country are represented in the pages of the *Monthly*, and songs, ballads, transcriptions, marches, polkas, waltzes, etc., are given from month to month. Terms \$3 00 per annum in advance. Four copies one year \$10 00. One copy of the *Monthly* and one of Godey's *Lady's Book*, \$5 00. Subscriptions may begin with any number. While we do not sell single numbers at 25 cents, we will send four months' numbers to any address for \$1 00, or six months' numbers for \$1 50, three cents additional to be sent on *each number* thus ordered for prepayment of postage. All orders and correspondence must be addressed to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher *Musical Monthly*, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

New Songs and Ballads.—The following new songs, etc., we can still furnish at the old prices. We do not know how long this will continue, and must therefore request our friends to send us their orders for what they may want as early as possible. Each of the following 25 cents only. I cannot mind my Wheel, Mother, beautiful song by Linley. O Say that You ne'er will Forget me, new song by Stewart. Blue-Eyed Jennie, sweet song. The Splendor falls on Castle Walls, by Cavavia the very best melody yet arranged to Tennyson's famous words. Among the Roses, a lively polonaise. The Soldier's Return. Watching all Alone. Corn is King. Way goes Cuffee. The Flowers are Asleep in the Dow, beautiful serenade by Buckley. As Dear to-day as Ever, by Alice Hawthorne. O Ye Tears, by Franz Abt. New editions of the favorite songs, Juanita (Waneta), When this Cruel War is Over, No One to Love, and Ever of Thee.

New Pieces, etc.—Bonnie Blue Schottische, 25. Masked Ball Polka Mazourka, 25. Union Polka, 25. Home Schottisch, 30. Parrot Polka, 30. La Plaine Indienne, by Ascher, 15. Down by the Tide, song without words, 15. Momente Musicale, 25. Our Governor's Schottische, easy and pretty, by Rink, 25. Les Cloches du Monastère (The Monastery Bells), 35. An Alpine Farewell, beautiful nocturne, 25. Musings at Twilight, by Fritz Spindler, 30.

Brinley Richards' pieces, each in colored covers. Floating on the Wind, 35. Warblings at Noon, 40. At Eve, 35. At Dawn, 35. At Morn, 35. Christmas Chimes, 40. What Bells are Those, 40. Juanita, 30. Alexandra, 35. Soldiers' Chorus, from Faust, 40. Address all orders as above, to J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

PARIS ITEMS.

—THERE is a shop in Paris which supplies a new shirt to any customer who leaves his dirty one and pays ten sous to boot.

—A man, brought a few days since to trial in France for the murder of his wife and mother-in-law, put in quite a new plea. "Remember, MM. les Jurés," said the man, who defended himself, "that I am fifty years old, was married very early, and my wife's mother has never left us; and yet I have never done this before." The circumstances were not considered sufficiently "extenuating," and the jury found the prisoner guilty.

—A man advertises in the *Petites Affiches*, France, thus: "A widower desires to meet with a young woman who has been reared in the school of adversity. He asks no other dowry than an expressive physiognomy, and an imperturbable character. An entire ignorance of the piano preferred. No lady of literary tastes or English parentage need apply."

—At a masked ball in Paris the most striking of the dresses worn by the ladies was that of the Duchess de Morny, as an English lady of the last century, and the Princess Anna Murat, as a peacock, her train being of white tulle covered with peacocks' eyes, her petticoat of yellow satin, peacocks' feathers in her breast and in her hair. Her ornaments were a band of magnificent emeralds and diamonds, worn from one shoulder to the waist as Queen Victoria wears her royal ribbon, a necklace of the same, and the aigrettes of peacocks' plumes in her head confined by an immense brooch. The Princess is said to be frequently bedecked with the Empress's jewels. She is the only lady of the court on terms of absolute intimacy with her Majesty, whom she always addresses as my aunt. The Princess Troubeski was dressed as a cat—cat's head upon her bosom and sleeves, and in her hair; another lady as an aviary, with a lace dress covered with birds in real feathers—her headdress consisted of a bird cage, nearly six inches square, with another perched upon her head. The bosom of her dress was covered with red berries; birds nestled upon her shoulders, and another wicker cage hung from her side in which were several canaries. One lady represented photography—small photographic cards forming the trimming of her berthe, larger sized ones formed the basque, still larger the trimming of the skirt, which was of white satin. The necklace was composed of very small pictures set in gold, and the ear-ring of likenesses of her hostess, the Duchess de Morny, also set in gold. The headdress completed the eccentricity of this costume; it consisted of a camera, the front of which was a mirror instead of the ordinary glass. One of the most elegant dresses was worn by a very beautiful English woman, very tall and well formed. She called herself Roma; her dress was of black velvet; upon the train was embroidered the wolf with Romulus and Remus; her hair fell in waves to her waist, and upon her head she wore a turret-like diamond of gold. A belt was embroidered, in gold, with the name she had chosen. Another extremely pretty costume was that worn by Madame de Girardin, as snow. The dress was formed of tulle covered with swan's down, in flakes; a mantle close around her throat, trimmed in the same way, fell to her feet. The hair was powdered and glistened with diamonds.

—Some of our young listerly men and artists, who at present are richer in hope than in fame or fortune, gave a few evenings since a performance of Macbeth in a studio in the Rue d'Assas. The ticket of invitation they issued was in these words: Monsieur and Madame McBoth have the honor to inform you of the painful bereavement they have met in the departure from this life of their trusty lord and cousin Monsieur Dun Can. You are respectfully requested to honor with your company the last honors they pay their deceased lord and cousin, in which they will be effectually aided by Monsieur McDuff, N. B. Please bring a spurn caudle in your pocket, as the family, being in mourning, are very short of light articles. Ridiculous as this ticket of invitation is, the Thespians acted Shakspeare's play admirably.

—M. H. de Pene, in his "chronique" in the *France*, announces that among the fashions to be adopted by the fair sex in Paris during the coming season is that of the feminine whiskers. The little tuft (says the writer) which starts from the root of the hair at the side, and which formed the little curl known as an *acrocroche-oeur*, is now to fall straight down the cheek in a thick mass.

—A French medical journal says that hydrophobia may be cured by a single vapor-bath.

—The following is an advertisement in the *Courrier de Saône-et-Loire*: "Monsieur and Madame Cuillier, mechanical dentists, inform the public that they are about to quit Chalons for their country house, and that those clients who intend according them their confidence will find in

their new Eden of flowers everything to satisfy their tastes. The apprehension usually raised by the sight of the instruments will disappear as by enchantment beneath the carpet of verdure of this delicious oasis."

TALK of the impudence of your New York servants; but beat the following who can. Indeed, nothing short of a sojourn in our Western world of a few months can give any one the slightest idea of the height to which their demands sometimes attain. Some three weeks ago, my maid of all work took it into her head to leave my employment very suddenly. On being asked the reason, she replied that she never *had* lived any place where she could not have the front parlor in which to entertain her company, and she never intended to, so she didn't. Her *very reasonable* demands not being complied with, she marched herself off, bag and baggage, leaving me servantless for the time being. II. M. D.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, and O. Ditsen & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.:—

Brinley Richard's favorites—Florence, and Peter the Great's March.

The New Emancipation song.

The Pure, the Bright, the Beautiful. Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Golden Dreams, Fairy Castles. Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Heart Chimings. Waltz for Piano.

General Grant's Grand March.

Little Joe, the Contraband. Comic song.

From John Church, Jr., 66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati:—

Jerusalem the Golden. Sacred song. Composed by W. West.

I Bring Thee a Garland. A ballad.

From D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.:—

Will the New-Year come to Night, Mamma?

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, South-east corner Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The twentieth session of this school will commence in September, 1864.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

GRECIAN WRIGGLE.—We saw a little girl, whose skirts did not come within a foot of the ground, give this very graceful (!) wriggle while going over a gutter. Such is the influence of example.

A PRETTY girl of our acquaintance says that no one falls in love with her unless they are "dreadful wicked" or "awful pious." Is there no young man between these two extremes that would like to try his luck?

OUT OF TOWN.

BY ALEXANDER ALLEN.

WHEN Summer comes, with heat intense,
My wife is "out of town;"
But that you know is all pretence,
A blind to Mrs. Brown.
My salary is very small;
I wonder how we live at all,
And still make both ends meet;
It is as much as we can do,
For we are forced to pinch and scrow
To get a little treat.
But that of course we always try
To keep from Mrs. Brown,
For when the fitting season's nigh,
My wife is out of town.

The front door then we never use,
The parlor blinds are down;
All friendly visits we refuse,
Or hide from Mrs. Brown.
Each day, as still as any mouse,
My wife remains within the house,
But seldom going out;
And when she does she glances round,
As if she dreaded being found
Some guilty deed about.
But she is only now afraid
Of meeting Mrs. Brown,
Who thinks, from all the signs displayed,
My wife is out of town.

The marketing is smuggled in;
Some things we do without,
Or Mrs. Brown might soon begin
To guess who was about.
As I my business cannot leave,
Each morn a caution I receive:
"When I come from the store,
To enter by the area way,
Lest I the dreadful truth betray,
By ringing at the door."
I dare not ask a friend to dine,
For fear of sulk or frown;
Such social rights I must resign;
My wife is out of town.

Of Uncle Tim I was the heir,
At least 'twas so set down,
As he would oftentimes declare
When he came into town.
He was wealthy, crabbed, and ill,
A bachelor whose selfish will
None dared to disobey;
Or if they did, a fault so grave
He treasured long, nor e'er forgave
Unto his dying day.
One pleasant morn to visit me,
The river he came down;
'Twas summer time unluckily—
My wife was out of town.

I felt annoyed; it made me blush
And swear at Mrs. Brown;
For I must up the area rush,
And not invite him down.
I found him bed and board elsewhere,
I took him here, I took him there,
To Barnum's and the play.
Upon the best I made him dine,
Then treated him to cream and wine,
And all the bills did pay.
But my attentions failed to please,
He left me with a frown,
And said he should not call again
When wife was out of town.

Some loving friend my uncle told—
Perchance 'twas Mrs. Brown—
That he had been by us cajoled,
About our "out of town."
And when in nature's course he died,
I learned that we were set aside
By a fresh codicil;
Because his wealth he would not leave
To "snobs" who could their friends deceive,
And ape the fashionable.
My poor wife had a hearty cry,
But, dreading Mrs. Brown,
When'er the summer heats are nigh,
She still is out of town.

When I had finished the foregoing poem, I showed it to my wife, expecting to see her laugh, but her eyes flashed with indignation. Gracious, how they did flash! Indignant at me! I like that! Did I not promise to be true to her "until death does us part"? and death has not taken my part yet. Was not what I wrote true enough?

My wife is as good a specimen of the last best gift to man as usually falls to the lot of suffering humanity, but she is not an angel. Angels do not pretend to be out of town when, in fact, they are sitting on the back parlor sofa reading the last new novel, or peeping through the front window blinds to see whether Mrs. Jones or Brown is not doing the same thing. It is a deception against which I most emphatically protest. If my wife were really out of town, I should rejoice at it. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean to insinuate that I should rejoice at obtaining a few weeks' liberty. I repudiate such a supposition! Let husbands whose wives scold them for staying out at dinner until the mutton is burned to a cinder, sigh for liberty; my wife only gives me a cold cut next time.

I should rejoice at the benefit she would derive from the country air. I have no doubt it would do her good; but to submit to a thousand personal discomforts for the sake of deceiving Mrs. Jones, Brown, and Tompkins, who are in reality not deceived at all, but are probably playing the same game, is a piece of absurd humbuggery.

Now, my dear, don't deny it! The good sense which you display on all ordinary occasions will convince you of the fact, if you will only take time to reflect. Don't shake your head as if you thought that I was trying to blarney you. I never try impossibilities. Hem! You know you can be quite a sensible little woman when you please: the most sensible little woman that I know of. So, give me a kiss, and acknowledge that I am right for once.

There! Now you can take what I have written and tear it up if you like. You won't? Then I shall send it off just as it is. I may, may I? Then you shall have your rightful prerogative and put in the last word; and I won't look at it. There, take the pen and fold the letter yourself.

"I know what John says is gammon, but I shall want a new dress next week. MRS. JOHN SMITH."

SLANDER.—A Minnesota exchange says: "There is a little town west of us that has no newspaper, and the inhabitants say they do not need any, as they have a ladies' sewing society."

LAST winter a debating society was organized at a school-house some three miles from this place. One evening, a young gentleman belonging to the club made a burlesque of a law speech. Among others he quoted Shakespeare as his authority. At this, one lady turned to another sitting behind, and jestingly remarked, "That is a new thing to me to hear Shakespeare given as authority in law. I did not know before that he was a lawyer." "Oh, yes!" answered the lady addressed, "I have long known that he was one of our very first lawyers." The answer was given with such an air of superior information that the first lady was completely silenced until she was safely beyond the hearing of Mrs. Pomposity, and then such a laugh as she indulged in can only be imagined by those who can see and appreciate a first class joke.

THE question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

ADEPTS IN COMMERCIAL PUFFING.—Packwood, some fifty years ago, led the way in England of liberal and systematic advertising, by impressing his razor strop indelibly on the mind of every bearded member of the kingdom. Like other great potentates, he boasted a laureate in his pay, and every one remembers the reply made to the individuals so curious to know who drew up his advertisements: "La, sir, we keeps a poet!"

But by universal consent, the world has accorded to the late George Robins the palm in this style of commercial puffing. His advertisements were really artistically written. Like Martin, he had the power of investing every landscape and building that he touched with an importance and majesty not attainable by meaner hands. He did, perhaps, go beyond the yielding line of even poetical license, when he described one portion of a paradise he was about to subject to public competition, as adorned, among other charms, with a "hanging wood," which the astonished purchaser found out meant nothing more nor less than an old gallows. But then he redeemed slight manoeuvres of this kind by touches which displayed a native and overflowing genius for puffing. On one occasion, he had made the beauties of an estate so enchanting, that he found it necessary to blur it by a fault or two, lest it should prove too bright and good "for human nature's daily food." "But there are *two drawbacks* to this property," sighed out this Apostle of the Mart, "*the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales.*" Certainly the rhetoric of exquisite puffing could no further go.

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.—A gentleman at the solicitation of his wife bought a place in the country—a country-seat and farm. Of course there were alterations and additions to be made, a mound here, a terrace there, a fountain elsewhere—a henyery, a piggery, an hydraulic ram, an ornamental stable, a labyrinthian walk, choice dwarf fruit trees, hotbeds for early vegetables, Durham and Alderney cows, black-faced sheep, a pair of ponies, a donkey cart, and many other etceteras which, no doubt, many of our subscribers could furnish us with. "And now, dear," said the wife, "what shall we call it?" "Bury-money I think would be a good title," said the husband.

HINTS FOR FAIRS.—Bonbons and dried fruits in boxes usually sell well, and we have found that a very favorite amusement is "the wedding-cake," as it is termed, which is arranged in the following way. A piece of cardboard is made into the shape of a large wedding-cake, an opening being left in the top. It is then covered with icing in the same manner as a real cake. The inside is filled with small articles, such as little pincushions, pen-wipers, packets of sugar-plums, etc.; and the opening is covered by an image of Cupid. The company, as they come up, are invited to take their chance of the gifts which Cupid may have in store for them, and each having paid his or her sixpence or shilling, as the case may be, the little gentleman is removed, and the hand is plunged into the cake, much merriment being occasioned by the sight of the pretty things brought out. Another amusing arrangement, particularly to the juvenile portion of the assembly, is "the bran-tub." A cask or tub is filled with bran, and a great number of penny toys and inexpensive articles are buried in it. Upon payment of fourpence each a search amongst the bran commences, and the fortunate youngster who secures the most valuable prize is much envied by his companions.

An offender fined a second time is not necessarily reformed.

THE JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

The Feather.

ONE of the players takes a bed-feather, a bit of cotton-down, or any light substance coming under the comprehensive denomination of "fluff," which he tosses up in the centre of the assembled circle (who should be seated as closely together as convenience will admit of). He then blows upon it to keep it floating in the air. The individual to whom it comes nearest does the same, in order to prevent its falling on his knees, or, indeed, any part of his person—an accident which would subject him to the payment of a forfeit.

One of the chief advantages of this simple but highly amusing game is, that steady, serious people may be induced to engage in it. The gravity of their faces, blowing and puffing away at the contemptible feather, as if all their hopes were centred in evading its responsibility, is truly edifying. Sometimes it happens (it being impossible to blow and laugh at the same time) that the "fluff" drops into the player's mouth at the very moment when he is concentrating all his energies in the effort to get rid of it. This is the signal for shouts of laughter, and for a forfeit demanded in just expiation of the player's greediness. We recollect seeing an eminent college dignitary in such a predicament—a spectacle not without its instructive tendencies.

Bird's Fly.

A VERY simple game, in which all the players place a finger on a table, or on the knees of the conductor of the game, to be raised in the air, when the conductor says, "*Bird's fly.*" "*Pigeon's* (or any winged object in natural history) *fly.*"

If he names a non-winged animal, and any player raises his hand in distraction, the latter pays a forfeit; the same in case of his neglecting to raise it at the name of a bird or winged insect.

The Trades.

EACH player selects a trade, which he carries on in dumb show, as follows:—

The tailor stitches a coat.
The cobbler mends a shoe.
The laundress washes imaginary tubs full of shirts.
The painter paints a portrait.
The blacksmith hammers at the anvil, etc. etc.

One of the party is chosen as King of the Trades, and commences the game by exercising his own—setting an example of industry to the others, who must work away indefatigably at their various callings.

When the king takes it into his head to change his trade and adopt that of one of the party, all leave off work at once, and remain inactive, except the player thus imitated, who immediately takes up the trade of the king, which he continues to exercise till such time as it shall please his majesty to change again and take up somebody else's. The individual honored by this second choice then takes up the king's trade and continues till a third change takes place—the other players remaining idle till the king resumes his original occupation—the signal for all to fall to work again.

Any player making a mistake, pays a forfeit.

Not a bad name for this game would be *Mind your own Business.*

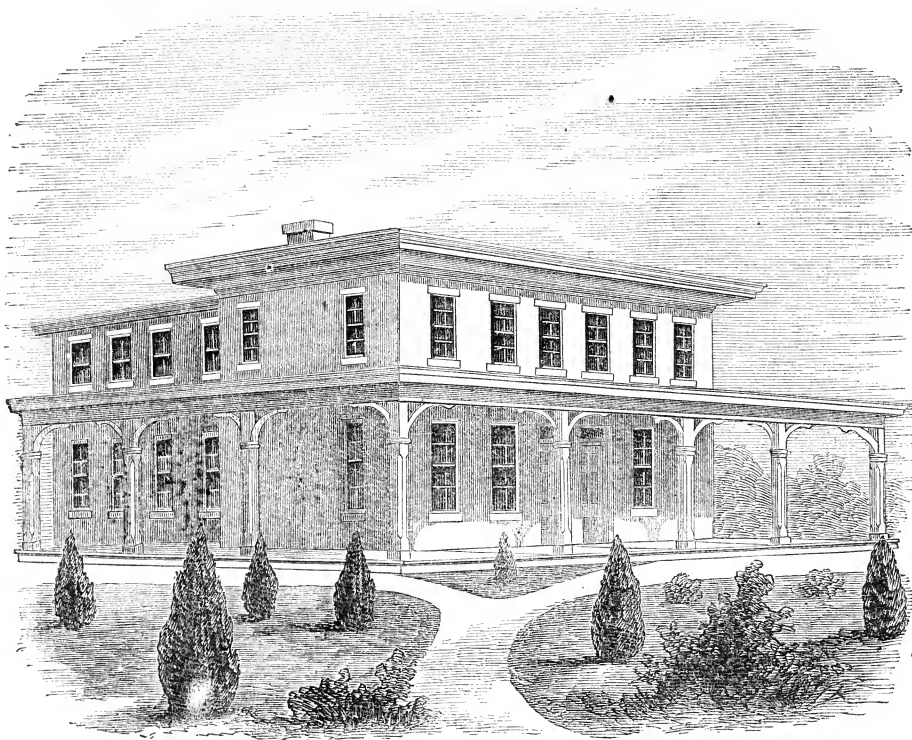
You ask for anecdotes of servants; here is one, if you think it worth publishing. Becky was a "contraband," and no brighter than the generality of her sable sisters. She had a fashion of saying "I guess," to almost every question; indeed, she guessed at everything. One day I said to her, "Becky, you must not say 'guess' so much, it is vulgar;" and, thinking to mystify her a little, added, "the dictionary says that it is the shibboleth of the north and south." "Well," answered Becky in a very can't-help-it tone of voice, "then I reckon I must be one of 'em."

M. D. W.

MONEY is the metal wheel-work of human action, the dial-plate of our value.

SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.

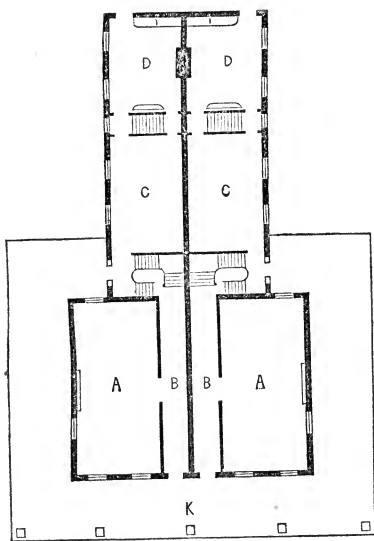


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

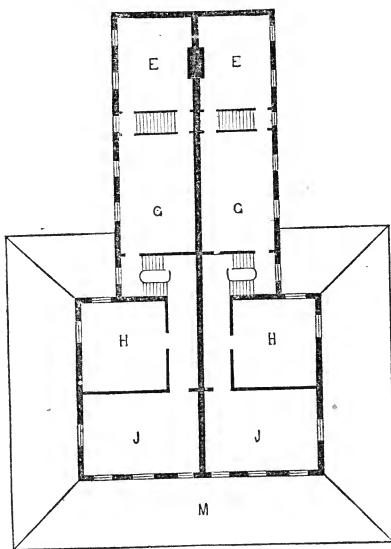
THE above design is intended for two houses, so arranged that they form in appearance one large building. They are conveniently arranged, and have a very agreeable

appearance. They will cost about \$6000, and are suitable for villages or suburban residences.

By inclosing \$30 to Isaac H. Hobbs, Architect, Phila-



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

delphia, sufficient drawings will be sent to the address of any one wishing to build the above design.

First Story.—I dresser; K porch, 10 feet wide; A parlor, 29 by 14; B hall, 4 feet; C dining-room, 19 by 12; D kitchen, 16 by 12.

Second Story.—E bed-room, 16 by 12; G bed-room, 19 by 12; H chamber, 15 by 14; J chamber front, 20 by 14; M roof of porch, 11 feet wide.

Two elegant little volumes for ladies are just published by Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston. Price \$1 50 each. Illustrated in the style of their "Art Recreations."

WAX FLOWERS: How to Make Them. With new methods of Sheeting Wax, Modelling Fruit, etc.

SKELETON LEAVES AND PHANTOM FLOWERS. A complete and Practical Treatise on the Production of these beautiful Transformations. Also, Directions for Preserving Natural Flowers in their fresh beauty.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

L. B.—Sent articles May 18th.

Mrs. G. W. W.—Sent net 18th.

Mrs. J. W. G.—Sent collars 18th.

Mrs. C. E. R.—Sent hair-work 20th.

W. H. C.—Sent hair ring 20th.

L. J. M.—Sent pattern 21st.

Mrs. H. C. L.—Sent articles 21st.

Mrs. D. P. W.—Sent hair by express 21st.

Mrs. A. C. H.—Sent box wardrobe by express 21st.

Mrs. S. W. B.—Sent patterns 23d.

Mrs. R. H.—Sent braid and pattern 23d.

Mrs. F. L.—Sent pattern 23d.

M. E. P.—Sent pattern 27th.

M. M. W.—Sent embroidery cotton 28th.

S. W.—Sent skirt elevators 28th.

L. F. H.—Sent India-rubber gloves 31st.

Mrs. R. B.—Sent pattern 31st.

Miss F. A. B.—Sent articles by W. H. S., of Philadelphia 31st.

Mrs. J. S. H.—Sent silk June 1st.

Miss L. S.—Sent dress shields 3d.

J. T. E.—Sent pattern 3d.

M. A. C.—Sent pattern 3d.

J. B. McL.—Sent cloak by express 3d.

Mrs. L. F.—Sent pattern 6th.

M. H. C.—Sent pattern 6th.

S. H.—Sent pattern 6th.

Mrs. J. B.—Sent pattern 7th.

Mrs. G. W. Y.—Sent pattern 7th.

J. W.—Sent pattern 7th.

Mrs. R. J. C.—Sent pattern 7th.

Mrs. H. C. L.—Sent pattern 7th.

A. V. S.—Sent hair pin 9th.

R. R.—Sent lead comb 9th.

M. B.—Sent lead comb 9th.

F. M.—Sent pattern 11th.

Mrs. H. H.—Sent hair pin 11th.

Miss C. C.—Sent hair chain 11th.

Mrs. J. H. C.—Sent dress elevator 11th.

Mrs. R. P.—Sent articles by express 11th.

Mrs. J. L. M.—Sent lead comb 14th.

Mrs. W. Y. H.—Sent zephyr 14th.

J. C. C. D.—Sent box by express 16th.

Eureka.—"I have found it. A discovery." Have you no dictionary?

S. H. B.—A hair chain is the most appropriate. Our Fashion editor can have it done for you.

Miss D. B.—Certainly. An act of politeness deserves an acknowledgment.

E. L. St.—To match the dress. Most families in New York dine at five or six o'clock. The dinner followed by a cup of coffee, and that is the last regular meal of the day.

L. M.—We have published them more than a dozen times. We will probably publish them again in the January number of next year.

Myrtle.—The opal stone is supposed to pale when any danger is about to happen to the wearer. We should not like to put our trust in it.

Mrs. B.—Children's sayings are no doubt pretty and pleasant to the parents, but really the public do not appreciate them. But one of those you sent we would not publish, because it speaks lightly of sacred things.

T. R.—You want to be very cunning. But in this instance we are not to be caught. A man cannot "marry his widow's cousin," for the simple reason that he must be dead before his wife can be a widow.

Miss A. R. H.—The dress shields cost 50 cents per pair. We cannot give directions for making them; they are manufactured by Madame Demorest.

S. V. A.—Thank you for the receipts. We are not acquainted with navigation; we cannot therefore direct your studies in that science.

Mrs. A. S.—Should like to oblige you, but cannot republish the story. If you will let us know what numbers you have containing the story, perhaps we can furnish you the others at 25 cents each.

Miss W. H. V.—The gentlemen usually offer the left arm to a lady, but there is no rule.

M. E. M.—Dr. Isaac Hays, 1525 Locust Street.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the

most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR AUGUST.

Fig. 1.—Organdy robe with shawl, from the establishment of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York. The same design, in reduced size, is on the corsage. Neck-tie of scarlet silk. White chip hat, trimmed with white and black feathers and a tuft of oats. The brim is lined with white silk, and very much rolled at the sides. The shawl is also of organdy muslin printed to match the dress.

Fig. 2.—Robe dress from the establishment of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York. The material resembles alpaca. The ground is a grayish pearl color, with ornamental designs in Ophelia purple. The hair is very heavily crimped, and arranged in a bow at the back. A ringlet falls at the right side.

Fig. 3.—Child's dress of green silk, trimmed with two narrow ruffles and ruchings of the silk. The white waist is caught in flutes at the neck, by running a narrow velvet through eyelets placed at regular intervals.

Fig. 4.—A lilac and white grenadine robe dress. Fancy jacket of scarlet silk, trimmed with bugle trimming and tassels. The hat is of straw, trimmed with white ribbon and scarlet flowers.

Fig. 5.—Ball dress of a delicate blossom-colored silk, trimmed with black lace and garlands of flowers. The hair is dressed with pearl beads and green feathers. An aigrette of spun glass is on the left side.

Fig. 6.—Dress of white grenadine, made over a white silk slip. The skirt is trimmed with box-plaited ruffles of silk. Point and streamers of Eugenie blue silk, trimmed with a quilling of narrow white ribbon. Black straw hat, trimmed with black and white feathers, and a black and white spotted lace veil.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

We have already mentioned most of the dress goods to be worn during the summer. The organdies are constantly increasing in beauty, and are now imported with shawls to match each dress. Some very attractive specimens of this kind were shown us at the establishment of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York.

One was a clear, white ground covered with pin dots of black. Imposing black borders interwoven with garlands of brilliantly colored flowers ornamented the skirt, corsage, and shawl.

A pretty sample of the robe organdy with shawl is to be found in the first figure of our fashion plate. This would be a very appropriate and charming second mourning dress for a young lady.

Spanish linen of a beautiful shade of buff is very much used for travelling suits. Printed percale suits are used both for travelling and *demi toilette*.

Mousseline de soie & grenadine robes of rare quality have appeared in the same styles as the organdies. The designs are very rich; but generally so large that only a tall and stylish-looking person could wear them. They are too gay for street wear, and probably will only see the light at some fashionable watering-place, where they would be very suitable.

For a cool, pretty, and serviceable thin dress we would select the grenadine *barèges*. They require no laundress

(a great consideration away from home), they trim up beautifully, and are very fresh-looking.

Alpacas and mohairs have appeared in robes, some chain stitched in silk, others embroidered in different colored wools.

Cameleon silks are decidedly the newest and most fashionable styles. Those shown us at Stewart's changed to no less than five shades, some reflecting all the delicate colors of the opal—varying from white to amber, amethyst, rose, and emerald. The rich blues, greens, and purples in others reminded us of the ever-changing pigeon's neck. They were only suited for *grande toilette*, such as a morning wedding reception, calls, or a small reunion; none that we saw were suitable for a promenade dress.

Blue-black silks are also a novelty, or rather a very old fashion revived. They are very rich both in quality and shade, and range from \$3 to \$6 a yard. These will be fashionable during the fall and winter.

The new purples are of the reddish cast, and the prettiest are the Ophelia and Violine. Among the new colors are golden dust, aurore, and cheveux de la reine. The latter borders on a cuir color.

Glacé or changeable *moirés* are a novelty. Some are both *glacé* and *chenille*. Others are very elegantly ornamented with graceful and varied designs.

For instance, the Juno robe, over which are scattered bunches of the richest peacock's plumes on a light ground, such as salmon color. This color is a favorite ground for all materials, but particularly for foulards.

Feathers are a favorite design this season; we see them on all kinds of goods, from cotton to *moirés*, and the imitation is admirable.

Many evening silk robes have appeared. They are generally flowers arranged in a pyramidal design on each breadth of the dress. These robes are very elegant, and also, we may add, very expensive.

Basques of all styles are worn, also three long straight tails or rather bands directly at the back. Another style is a square tail, split half way up, and set on under the point of the dress. Others have basques in the Louis XV. style.

As the coat bodies are really adopted in good society in Paris, we now introduce them to our readers, and we have every reason to suppose they will be fashionable during the fall and winter.

We think regular coats will hardly suit the taste of our American ladies for street wear; but paletots and casques trimmed to simulate a coat will no doubt be well received.

We give in the present number an admirable illustration of a coat tail dress, also the diagram for cutting it. Our Fashion Editress can furnish the paper pattern of the dress.

These coats were worn in Paris all last winter for full ball dress. They were made of velvet or rich silk, and worn over skirts formed of masses of airy tulle which are very appropriately termed *nuages* (clouds). As we have not yet seen any of these ball coats, we cannot judge of their effect; but we can hardly imagine them pretty. We would prefer them for a home rather than a ball dress. Everything, however, depends upon the cut of the garment, and no doubt from the hands of a Parisian *modiste* they are really very elegant and becoming.

Some button closely down the front like a riding habit, and gradually slant to a long basque at the back, which is split up to the waist like a gentleman's dress coat. Others fasten with but one button in front, and from thence slant off to the back. This style, of course, requires a

vest. Two buttons are placed directly at the back of the waist. The most fashionable buttons for all kinds of dresses are gilt, steel, jet, crystal ivory, both white and colored, and mixed buttons the size of a large marble.

We think the coat body will be very much worn; but as the style is rather peculiar, we would suggest that the body and skirt should be of the same material. We also give in this number another style of coat suitable for muslin, lace, or silk.

Skirts are made quite short in front, and all the fullness is thrown to the back, which is made very long. Every breadth is cut slanting at the bottom, and the longest part falls to the back. From the hips the plaits all turn to the back.

We saw at Stewart's quite a novelty in kid gloves. They were of light colors covered with little waving lines or small stars or pin dots. We mention these merely as a novelty, for they are far from pretty. For summer wear, we would recommend kid-finished thread gloves. They are stitched on the back with a contrasting color, and are really very pretty. We particularly admire the buff, stitched with black, and the pure white ones. They are to be had both with and without gauntlets.

In parasols there is much variety. Most of them have metal frames and handles; carved sticks are not much fancied, as they generally leave the impression of the carving on the glove. The handsomest we have seen was at Vogel's, 1016 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. It was of a delicate mauve silk, with a black thread lace covering thrown over it. This was worth \$75. It was very elegantly mounted and lined with white silk. Less expensive ones are of mauve, green, or some delicate-colored silk, with a covering of white or black yak or mohair lace. These are really very stylish. Rich silk, bordered with a three inch chenille fringe tipped with balls, is another very beautiful style. Many are embroidered in beads; an effective palm on each division of the parasol, while others are woven with lace designs which are extremely pretty. Plainer ones are made of dark silk, and edged with a narrow fluted ribbon.

No change has yet taken place with us in the shape of bonnets, though we hear that in Paris they have been quite revolutionized. They are said to be but a mere cap with a ruching of *crêpe*, silk, or tulle, as a substitute for a cape. With this style of bonnet the hair is dressed very low on the neck, and frequently a flower or tuft of flowers is placed on the bow or waterfall. This peculiar style was introduced by the Princess de Metternich, who is quite celebrated for her good taste in dress. To give our readers an idea of these bonnets we copy from a foreign journal the following description: "The Empress has already worn one of these curtainless bonnets. It was made entirely of puffed tulle; in front it had the smallest apology for a front, and was very narrow at the sides. In the place of a cap, long gold ear-rings in the style of those worn by the peasants of Normandy were visible. At the side of the bonnet there was a small bird with a branch of lilac, and inside at the top of the forehead a green velvet butterfly starred with gold. Over the face, and close to it, was a small white tulle veil edged with white bugles."

In all probability this extreme bonnet will appear among the fall importations; but we think it will have to be altered somewhat, as our ladies do not readily adopt eccentricities.

For young ladies we know of nothing prettier than the simple and charming muslin bonnets now so popular. They are made of French muslin or India mull, and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace. Many are

lined with colored silk, and have the crowns formed of puffs and insertion arranged like a snail shell, which has a very pretty effect.

Linen sets are still very much worn; but they are now trimmed with Valenciennes. The newest collars are narrow, with square ends in front. The collar is edged with a narrow Valenciennes, and the ends are trimmed with Valenciennes lace a finger deep. The cuffs are about three inches wide, and the upper part falls from the wrist in quite a long end trimmed to match the collar. The newest mouchoirs for ladies have a deep blue or purple ruffle, fluted at the corners. A rosette of colored fluted muslin is also placed on each corner.

An illustration of the half wreath now so fashionable is in the present number.

Information and suggestions on mourning dress and materials are desired by our readers, and we are pleased to give them the benefit of a letter on the subject from Mme. Demorest.

Bombazine is used now comparatively little for dresses. Queen's cloth, Yamise, Henrietta cloth, Barathe, all wool delaines, and merinos, are much preferred, as being more durable, handsomer, and still lustreless. Alpaca is worn where trimming on the skirt is allowable; of course in deep mourning no trimming is used.

For the heat of summer, such as we are now experiencing, black French grenadine, crape Maretz, and crape Eugene are the principal materials.

Very elegant shawls are made of silk grenadine, with a fold a quarter of a yard wide of crape or silk. Circulars are often made of the same material, trimmed with a fold of the same. For fall, a fine black Thibet shawl edged with a wide fold of crape or silk is the most desirable.

In bonnets, bombazine, crape Maretz, silk covered with crape, and all crape with crape ruche inside, are the only styles admissible for deep mourning.

There is no dress that requires more discretion in the choice and arrangement than that called second mourning, but it is one of the most elegant, when well selected.

For half mourning at this season of the year, Mme. Demorest is making black grenadine richly trimmed with flutings and silk, or ribbon quilled and laid on in various designs, while an endless variety of chene grenadines, lustrines, crapes, and Mozambiques, in black, gray, and lavender, give ample scope for a display of taste in all the gradations of mourning dress.

Some very beautiful designs in shawls have been exhibited this summer, in black grenadine with a border composed of white and violet stripes edged with a heavy silk fringe.

Basquines and circulars made in lustreless silk, and without trimming, are very much worn in light mourning.

For a half mourning bonnet black tulle puffed and trimmed with violets; or, for full dress, white crape covered with black lace and trimmed with violet flowers and violet strings; the latter is very much admired as a reception bonnet.

One of the most elegant bonnets we have seen this season was composed of a new material having the appearance of fine tarleton and velvet woven together to form small diamonds; the bonnet was covered plain with the material, while a simple, trailing vine of black ivy leaves, veined with white, fell over the crown and cape inside; white and black flowers and white strings.

Some very pretty patterns for sleeves, bodices, and fancy capes have just appeared in the show-rooms of Mme. Demorest.

FASHION.